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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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American Scholarship

"THE ROAD TO XANADU," Professor Lowes's study of the materials over which the magnetic rays of genius play until they select what they desire, is much more than a book on the sources of the great romantic poems of Coleridge. It is a landmark and a guide post in literary scholarship. Mr. Lowes's "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" will be remembered by many a grateful reader for its sound and penetrating criticism. It was a product of the scholar's mind turned toward literature, where too many dilettantes had played. But "The Road to Xanadu" is the scholar's mind seeking its own fruition.

American and German literary scholars have particularly suffered from an obsession with facts. Facts were needed: the scholar produced them, produced them so abundantly that we have enough loose facts available to write a library of histories. But in the search for accuracy and the quest for fact the critical sense was dulled and the creative imagination dropped the feathers from its wings. Many men investigated: few made valuable use of what they found; there was much discovery but little interpretation; much knowledge of literature but less wisdom than in earlier and more creative periods.

"The Road to Xanadu" is a highroad leading out of the morass of facts. Mr. Lowes has not been content to gather more information as to the sources of works of genius (in this instance "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan") than any man has ever before brought together for a masterpiece of literature in English, with the possible exception of some of the plays of Shakespeare edited by the late Dr. Furness; he has made use of that information himself instead of leaving a treasury of erudition for someone else to interpret. We have been quarrying building blocks from the vast range of English literature; he has quarried and then built. And the remarkable edifice he raises upon an incredibly minute study of every scrap of reading, every poignant experience that left its impress upon Coleridge's mind, is essentially a critique of genius, with Coleridge as its exemplar, but pertinent to every genius, to all literature where the creative imagination is at work. Research vindicated by such a book, scholarship distinguished from pedantry, the means of infinite labor triumphantly justified by the end.

* * *

It is the failure to carry through which has been the fault of the American scholar. He has been more accurate and more industrious than his English colleague, who (by and large) is a little lazy in scholarship and prone to magnificent generalization; but he has lacked vision, proportion, and sometimes common sense. He is like the American lawyer, who has attained high competence in profiting by the technicalities and subtleties of a legal system which, scientifically considered, is a generation behind the pursuit of health or the practice of business organization; but he has not the excuse of the lawyer, who can at least claim that he makes money by his commercialism, for the scholar's ideals are high, and he accomplishes as little for himself as for his contemporaries by his zest for mere accumulation.

Hence "The Road to Xanadu" has an importance not to be measured only by its critical and scholarly excellences which have already been discussed in this *Review*. It is, one hopes, a wave of a rising tide.

Internal Suture

By S. Bert Cooksley

AH, do not care.
You will discover
Earth a more rare,
More lasting lover.

If she was sweet,
She was sweet only.
Go for your meat
Over the lonely

Pastures of soil.
Earth will give endless
Hot, savage toil.
Earth will be friendless.

Leave her warm bed,
Leave her soft wheedle;
Here is the thread.
Here is the needle.

This Week

"Critical Essays." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"The Truth About Publishing." Reviewed by *John Macrae.*

"Mirrors of the Year." Reviewed by *John Bakeless.*

"An American Saga." Reviewed by *M. E. Ravage.*

Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.

"Violet Moses." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Spanish Farm." Reviewed by *Dorothy Canfield.*

"Starling." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

The Folder. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

W. B. Yeats. By *Mary Colum.*

For the way out in criticism is not by brilliance, paradox, challenge, and fluency. These are well enough, but the sated reader, looking over the shelf of biographies, histories, critical studies, "impressions" of the last few years, sees too many where a facile style, an easy wit, a surprising point of view has half concealed a lack of documentation, an erratic judgment, a fallacious argument conducted to false conclusions. Literary criticism, whether esthetic or historical, was never in greater need of scholarship, but the scholarship it requires must be not merely tireless in its investigation and sound in its conclusions, it must also, like the scholarship of Mr. Lowes, be conscious of an ultimate purpose and directed toward that end.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

By Gorham B. Munson

GENERALLY rated as the best of the living American poets, Edwin Arlington Robinson has received full meed of praise for his various qualities. His many convinced admirers have stressed his probity, his restraint, his dignity, his philosophy and intellectual subtlety, his concision and fluent metrical accomplishments, his classicism of form; and they have predicted longevity for his productions. But the tendency of emotional assent to a poet is always to encourage such predictions. One must be wary of the mechanics of exaggeration to which our strong likings are subject lest, so to speak, we mistake a rise of the ground for a hill.

So I permit myself to wonder whether the flood of praise which has mounted around Mr. Robinson's poetry has not been fulsome as well as full. I wonder if, in actuality, he is the best of contemporary American poets. I wonder more if his writing is not replaceable writing, by which I mean that within a given span of time, say thirty years, there does not usually arise a poet equally well trained, equally shrewd and as profound, and of equal integrity.

Such a poet is difficult to estimate exactly while he is alive. His virtues have some of the weight of traditions which in an age of transition are either rejected or acclaimed too wholeheartedly for justice. It may be clear, as with Mr. Robinson, that the poet has chiselled out a recess in some order of genuine poetry, but which order, one asks, and one's predilections for retrospective autumnal poetry or for promissory springtide affirmations swing one's judgment up or down: too far it may easily be in either direction. Puzzled, therefore, one turns finally to description. . . .

Mr. Robinson uses only the forms that were current conventions when he began the study of poetry. He uses them—the sonnet, the villanelle, blank verse, et cetera—skilfully, but not imperiously. They are fixed moulds to which he nicely adjusts what he has to say as a poet. But apparently what he has to say requires no forcing to take that particular shape nor does it press upon him the invention of new metrical forms. Originality in craft is not his distinction. I mention that not because originality *per se* is a value, but because sometimes originality is a symptom of poetic energy and conversely lack of originality may indicate a low state of energy.

Several characteristics—they may be called the author's personal traits—identify his writing. One of them is the fusion of a simple conversational vocabulary with the latinic vocabulary of a learned man. Almost any poem will illustrate as well as do some lines from the second stanza of "Isaac and Archibald."

> I do not think of either of them now,
> Without remembering, infallibly,
> A journey that I made one afternoon
> With Isaac to find out what Archibald
> Was doing with his oats. It was high time
> Those oats were cut, said Isaac; and he feared
> That Archibald—well, he could never feel
> Quite sure of Archibald. Accordingly
> The good old man invited me—that is,
> Permitted me—to go along with him;
> And I, with a small boy's adhesiveness
> To competent old age, got up and went.

In the following lines from "Dionysus in Doubt" the same trait is exemplified but mingled with an-

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other: the habit of incorporating antithetical words in a smooth sequence that surprises one by becoming merely a complex way of making simple statements.

> "All which is true," said he,
> "Of an inflexible and hasty nation
> That sees already done
> Rather too much that has not yet begun.
> I mention them that are so confident
> In their abrupt and arbitrary ways
> Of capturing and harnessing salvation
> With nets and ropes of words that never meant
> Before so little as in these tiresome days
> Of tireless legislation."

So one might go on pointing out characteristics—Mr. Robinson's knack at conveying the ghostly,* for example, which brings Nathaniel Hawthorne to mind—but these, as in the case of the traits of the people we know, merely give peculiarity: they are aids to recognition rather than a basis for valuation. Unless, however, we can treat them as symptoms of qualities and attitudes. Take Mr. Robinson's lines in "Avon's Harvest:"

> So, and so far, my days were going well,
> And would have gone so, but for the black tiger
> That many of us fancy is in waiting,
> But waits for most of us in fancy only.
> For me there was no fancy in his coming.

One can see that there is a danger in this as a form of habitual writing. It becomes a sort of concise verbosity, this succession of lucid lines playing upon each other by interchanging their verbs and nouns, their negatives and affirmatives. Sustained for long stretches, this manner loses intensity and suggests slackness of emotion. And I surmise that when even Mr. Robinson's admirers refer to the occasional "aridity" of his verse, it is weakness of emotion that they mean.

* * *

But weakness of emotion, narrowness of range, lack of vivacity do not argue for absence of emotion or for falseness of feeling. On the contrary, Mr. Robinson usually impresses the reader by the genuineness of his feelings (his often mentioned integrity and conscientiousness). These feelings are usually negative, and the mood that they compose is one of melancholy and distrust. Here is an American poet who is transported neither by enthusiasm for the small achievements of the present nor by his wishes for a roseate future. He insists on the disintegration of the present and when he gazes away from that, he looks back to the robust days of Christianity and the sky-like graciousness and clarity of the Greeks. But his retrospection gives him no light. It is learning, not inspiration, and if Mr. Robinson does indeed stand upon the summit of American poetry of today, he is a lost and reflective "man against the sky."

Reflective is, I think, the word for his intellectual processes which like his emotions are low keyed. He keeps before his mind the major problems of metaphysics: the significance of life and death and love, the meanings of the planets and the stars, time, the soul, and God. But they remain set problems to him, just as the verse forms he employs are set forms. Nothing is added, no new insights established, no vivid restatements in the terms of one man's thought, there is no digging deeper in these matters than many, many other poets have done. The result is dignity of theme, measure of treatment, propriety of feeling in Mr. Robinson's poetry, but how could it be otherwise? The subjects and forms are set, and he has responded, intellectually, with reflection, emotionally, with quite controllable feeling, to standardized stimuli.

For a difference, reread the poetry of Matthew Arnold. There is in it a wrestling with one's self over these matters that tokens a strength of mind and feeling quite beyond Mr. Robinson's manifested powers.

Nor is Mr. Robinson's outlook on life as thoroughly developed as Arnold's. He is with Arnold when he writes:

> Tumultuously void of a clean scheme
> Whereon to build, whereof to formulate,
> The legion life that riots in mankind
> Goes ever plunging upward, up and down,
> Most like some crazy regiment at arms,
> Undisciplined of aught but Ignorance,
> And ever led resourcelessly along
> To brainless carnage by drunk trumpeters.

And from this view originates some of his best verse, such as "Cassandra" and parts of "Dionysus in Doubt" and "Dionysus and Demos," wherein he upbraids the headlong cocksure ignorance of those who trust exclusively in the mob impulses of a brash democracy. But Mr. Robinson wavers when he seeks to formulate a position to take in this blind plunging chaotic life.

Anti-romantic as the last quotation indicates he is, he fails to discover in his experience any stability that might be called classical. Instead he oscillates between gazing at the religious possibilities of man and a consideration of the stubborn naturalness of man's desires and appetites that leads toward a tentative "paganism." He does not move very far in either direction: Godward he advances no further than certain "Octaves" in his first book, such as:

> Like a white wall whereon forever breaks
> Unsatisfied the tumult of green seas,
> Man's unconjectured godliness rebukes
> With its imperial silence the lost waves
> Of insufficient grief. This mortal surge
> That beats against us now is nothing else
> Than plangent ignorance. Truth neither shakes
> Nor wavers; but the world shakes and we shriek.

And on the other hand he merely affirms through Dionysus and other mouthpieces how large the neck of nature is, defying the efforts of Demos to wring it by prohibitory legislation. Captain Craig, his loquacious philosophic villager, perhaps fuses all of Mr. Robinson's larger outlooks on life: lavish in the application of dissolvents for sham idealisms, speculative about religion, sympathetic toward a deification of vivid moments of sense and impulse, and affirmative about some vague latency in man for becoming more than the sorry creature he is, that appears to be both Captain Craig and his maker. Neither however merits the term of Socratic sometimes bestowed on Captain Craig, for the difference is not one of scale but kind.

It is rather of Henry Adams that one thinks when seeking to relate Mr. Robinson to his similars. Adams had a deeper, subtler, and more trenchant intellect: he investigated more widely and with more hardihood: he reached more drastic endings. In sum, he gave full development to the "negative side of the New England conscience," as Paul Elmer More once showed. Mr. Robinson is now our best living representative of this negative polarity of New England, but the vitality and dimensions of what he has to utter have shrunk. His work, that is to say, suggests that bleak monotonous season that lies between the dying brilliance of autumn and the white death of winter.

Yet as poets go in this era he is a good poet. It requires a clean craft to compose lines like—

> No fame delays oblivion
> For them, but something yet survives.

And indeed in craft he can compete with Tennyson as the long poems, "Merlin" and "Lancelot," fully convince, though his interpretations of Arthurian characters are just as fallible before changing fashions in morals as Tennyson's. The best poems, to my taste, are the least pretentious: the shrewd portraits, touched with humor or irony or surprise, of the inhabitants of Tilbury Town.

But on what is the alleged supremacy of Mr. Robinson among living American poets based?

* * *

Perhaps the heralded "Tristram"* will give a clear answer. Certainly, this reworking and alteration of the epic love story of Isolt and Tristram excels "Merlin" and "Lancelot" in the firmness and clarity of treatment. One's reading of it is unflecked with scoriæ, and one is obliged to pause admiringly when such lines occur as:

> Albeit the sun was high, the breath of morning
> Was in the trees where Tristram stood alone
> With happiness, watching a bright summer sea
> That like a field of heaving steel and silver
> Flashed there below him, and as harmlessly
> As if an ocean had no darker work
> To do than flash, and was to bear thereafter
> No other freight than light. . . .

This long poem is sinuous, and bends to cover hate, rises to depict passion, and depresses to a deathly stillness with a smooth obedience to its practised maker. Love and joy, longing and the permanent sorrow of a stricken heart, the desolation of doubt are there: time looms always as an unimportant consumer of mortality, love exalts its challenge, fate has its way, and the end is darkling for blind man.

"Tristram" represents Edwin Arlington Robinson at his highest level, and yet it does not remove our query. If the poem carries us into it with an admiring assent, it recedes from us leaving many questions. Has the poet added somewhat to his skill, to his depth and scope of interpretation, to his power as a singer of man? The answer might be brief. There is a refinement of what he has sung before, but no development of it. Mr. Robinson is what he has been. Again to what degree does the poetry rise? The virility of the greater struggles with the meaning of life recurs to mind and their deep desperate seriousness of feeling seems to diminish the play of fate with human puppets in Mr. Robinson's poem. For Mr. Robinson, remodelling a legend, imparts to it a dream-like character. That is, the purity comes from ethereality, and not from an awakening to hitherto unperceived reality. Finally, even the flawlessness of "Tristram" does not still inquiry. Is it more than a sustained conscientiousness?

At this moment, slightly distant from a reading of "Tristram," one is tempted to leave the answers to time. But works of the greater orders induce certainty in the reader just as a fire, to one who comes close, allows no denial of its being.

*See "Haunted House," in "Dionysus in Doubt."

TRISTRAM. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $1.50.

Systole and Diastole

By ARTHUR COLTON

IN Mr. Burdett's collection of essays, at the beginning of the essay on "The Poems of Alice Meynell," he explains why we read most modern verse with impatience. It is because it is all scattered emotion and no philosophy of life, "an ache for something which is not there, a confession of something wanting, a search for some center on which to repose. None of these is a substitute for a positive quality. It is the absence of personality which they reveal. They are symptoms not revelations."

Supposing we do so read with impatience—and of course all of us do not, as yet—still Mr. Burdett does not perhaps express altogether successfully the something he is aware of. But he points at it. Indeed all the four volumes below in one place or another and from various angles point at it, or comment on the complex of which it seems to be a part. My own reflections on the subject are at present as loose and uncentered as the poetry of which Mr. Burdett complains.

If one were to say that the modern psycho-realistic novel, along with all our flood of confessional biography, and verse that is personal without personality, sprawling in substance, or in form, or in both—if one were to say that it is all the latest phase of the romantic movement, the first objection would be that the word "romantic" is already a camel loaded to the last straw. Romanticism used to be opposed to classicism. Nowadays it is also opposed to realism, and the poor thing has to fight in two directions at once. Or possibly it is a three-cornered fight. At any rate it is a confused one.

The old romantic-classic issue seemed to be more or less climatic; the Mediterranean against the North Sea; clear skies, definite outlines, and open air sociability, against haze and cloudy masses bringing twilights, and the shut-in broodings of long northern nights. But races intermingle, and intermingle their temperaments, and the issue becomes in part a tendency to alternate and pursue first one preference, then the other. At one time:

> Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of desolate seas

is all the rage; at another:

> What little town by river or seashore,
> Or mountain built with peaceful citadel

has snared us with its different beauty;" and as to "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," one seems to feel that Keats knew what he meant by "beauty" more definitely than what he meant by "truth." *"In der Beschränkung ist die Meisterschaft."* That may not be correctly quoted, but it means that a good workman limits himself, does not bite off more than he can chew, works within the lines of his purpose,

CRITICAL ESSAYS. By OSBERT BURDETT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $2.

THE BACKGROUND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By H. J. GRIERSON. The same.

FROM PASCAL TO PROUST: Studies in the Genealogy of a Philosophy. By G. TURQUET-MILNES. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

HOMILIES AND RECREATIONS. By JOHN BUCHAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.

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and calls nothing done which is not done well. It is the Goethean maxim of classicism. On the other hand is the doctrine—somewhere in Browning—that "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," for he will never reach as far as he can unless he tries to reach farther. That seems to be a romantic maxim. The classicist is master of his material; the romanticist is mastered by it.

Professor Grierson at the end of his volume has an essay on the subject in which, with apologies to the overburdened words, he enlarges still further the definitions of this "recurring sequence of tendencies in the history of thought and art and literature—a classical age is an age of reason and good sense—of a healthy self-confident society" which has found the forms that satisfy it for the expression of its ideals and convictions. The channels through which its impulse flows are adequate to the impulse, and for a time all goes well. But the defect is that it cannot endure. "It represents a synthesis, a balance, and all balances in human affairs are precarious. A classical literature perishes in various ways. It gradually dries up. The forms which have established themselves are reproduced mechanically. Convictions become conventions." Or it may disintegrate before "a wave of fresh thought or emotion pouring over the nation or the world."

These fresh waves are romantic movements. Professor Grierson notes three of them. He claims Plato as the first great Romantic, and the next St. Paul, and he groups Platonism and Pauline Christianity together as the first great romantic movement. The second appears in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the third begins perhaps with Rousseau. In each case there is a flood of new thought and emotion overflowing and bursting through the dry channels.

So far Professor Grierson. It may be added that every such movement seems to its movers realistic, a recognition of reality, a return to nature and to truth. Progress from there to the point of balance, when it becomes classic again, may seem to the participants a progress in truth; but it more commonly seems a program in art, a conquest of floundering emotions by intelligence, a better way of examining truth, an improved method of presenting it.

* * *

The philosophy whose genealogy is studied in "From Pascal to Proust" is Bergsonism. Montaigne was quite at ease in the knowledge that every temple of truth we construct is extremely fragile, that no one really knows anything. But to Pascal the recognition of this was intolerable, and he took refuge in absolute religion. The craving for sincerity which leads to self-doubting, the sense of moral infirmity, of the mobility and instability of the spirit's life, its deceptiveness and contractions, are in Shakespeare with all their melancholy echoes. But the psychologist has only lately come down to the analysis of it. The author of "From Pascal to Proust" feels that the modern psychological novel is Bergsonian. "For forty years we have seen two generations scrutinizing their youth and childhood. They seek the points of contact between sensation and reason." The past of each invades literature, the novel becomes autobiographic, and hence too the countless introspective memoirs of the day. The realist in fiction turns now his microscopic eye from the outer world to the inner and finds there something whose very existence is motion. The mind flickers and slips by. He learns from Bergson that time, not space, is the reality. Bergsonism lies at the root of the great novel of Proust and of the criticism of Albert Thibaudet.

That may all be so. But genealogy has always seemed to me a misleading analogy in literary history, whatever it may be in philosophy. It rides academic scholarship like the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of Sinbad. The sources of the modern mind are incalculable. Within not many generations it has gone through revolutions in its outlook, which make the political and social revolutions, outside and contemporaneous, seem superficial. The moral of "The Education of Henry Adams" is that we don't know where we stand; in fact we don't stand anywhere. We have thrown away our patterns and acquired nothing adequate to replace them. The world that once looked like a little town crowned with its citadel, now looks like a boundless reach of wind-driven seas. Matter is but a form of energy. The very soul within us, once the solid core of reality, seems now more unstable than water, a ceaseless flux. The age is almost as sceptical as Montaigne, and almost as uncomfortable about it as Pascal.

In the recurring sequence of Professor Grierson, this is a romantic, not a classic condition. It belongs to a generation which is swept along on a flood of uncharted experience. Under these conditions the craving for expression which is the impulse of art, is a craving to reveal rather than to create. It is more concerned about truth than about beauty. It has so much to say that its utterance is confused.

Mr. Burdett speaks of "scattered emotion and no philosophy of life—a search for some center on which to repose." All that then, is understandable. But what about the lack of "positive quality" which he complains of, "the absence of personality?"

Somehow or other the subjective point of view (to speak pedantically) does not lead to as definite results as the objective. It never has. At least in respect to novelists, in respect to those who carry their realism into psychology and endeavor to depict character from the inside, the result is a certain lack of outline and definite visibility. A character from the inside does not look like a character. A cloud does not look like a cloud from the inside. It looks like a fog. A lake does not look like a lake when you are down at the bottom. Whether subterranean humanity is the more alike the deeper you go, and only differentiates toward the surface, or whether it is the point of view that blurs the outline, I don't know, these waters are too deep for me. An action which is only a stream of consciousness, characters

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

whose characteristics are exhalations risen from the subconscious, have not for me the old magic of narrative. It is all very well to discover the subconscious, but we seem to be swamped by the subconscious. These damp exhalations from the deep—doubtless without their dampness things would dry up; and we are not concerned here with the people who sniff more than suspiciously and ask: "How many smells must one smell in the interests of truth? Is there anything in hygiene, or is there not?" We are concerned with—we are hovering about—the issue between a shaping intelligence on the one hand, which knows what it purposes to do and how to do it but tends to dry up into uninspired formula; and on the other hand enveloping emotions, specters from within and bewildering visions which bring no formulas with them. Today the scientist still goes his way triumphant and objective, classifying facts of the world without as fast as he gathers them. The psychologist has been sinking wells into the subconscious, and the whole countryside smells of oil. But the poet and the novelist, if it is all grist for their mills, nevertheless they have problems and purposes wholly different and quite as important as those of the scientist or psychologist. They practice the art of presentation, of giving shape to the shapeless, of making palatable and digestible bread out of grist. It does seem as if they were putting so much unsifted flour into the kneading trough where there is not yeast enough to raise it.

In these four volumes of essays, it is quite possible that one would not think of Mr. Burdett's "Critical Essays" and Mr. Milnes's "From Pascal to Proust" as inadequate to their material, if one did not read them in connection with the other two volumes. Mr. Buchan and Professor Grierson give the impression of a place and bearing mature, so comfortably in control of what they have to say that Mr. Burdett and Mr. Milnes seem relatively not quite equal to their intentions. The propriety of Molière and Meredith *dans cette galère*, among the antecedents of Bergsonism, seems doubtful, the genealogy a little thin. The relation of Bergsonism to literature is a difficult subject to handle with security. At any rate to turn from Mr. Milnes's essays on Bergson, or Pascal, or Proust, and from Mr. Burdett's essay on Shelley, or Vers Libre, to Mr. Buchan's on the literature of Tweedside, or to Professor Grierson on The Metaphysical Poets, or The Background of English Literature, is to turn from attempt to accomplishment, from ideas possibly more original, more freshly aggressive, to ideas more completely grasped and competently handled. And this is to turn from a romantic to a classic condition of things.

The drift of this argument—if it is an argument—is not against the ideas and ideals of early twentieth century literature. Its reactions against the peculiarities of its predecessors are probably as natural as they are vigorous. But it does seem to me that the next logical development ought to be in the direction of clarity, order, definiteness, objectivity. In the later seventeenth century the pendulum swung from romanticism to classicism (in Professor Grierson's enlarged meanings). In the late eighteenth century it swung back. And the present rebound is not yet all that seems called for either by the analogy or by the conditions. We are culturally chaotic, and the rise of a craving for standard and form in literature is overdue. Talent is plentiful but it writes bad English, bad because it is clumsy and confused, bad because it is flippant when it tries to be light, and both for lack of discipline and standard. These things are not because the writers are unintelligent but because they have not put their intelligence into their style. Discipline and standard may be achieved as well as inherited.

* * *

"Absence of personality." It is curious but true that a collection of modern "free verse," miscellaneous or anthological, is more monotonous than a miscellany or anthology of mid-Victorian lyrics. Among the inimitable essays of the late Frank Colby was one called "The Humdrum of Revolt." Somehow one does not become individual by striving to be only oneself so well as by striving to be something worth while. Individuality, like happiness, is a by-product of the endeavor after something else. Standards and forms seem to stimulate rather than hamper it. The personality of E. A. Robinson comes through at least as vigorously as the personality of Carl Sandburg. Mr. Buchan in his essay called "Lord Balfour and English Thought" quotes Lord Balfour's remark on his liking for the eighteenth century, his dislike for the seventeenth century and most of the nineteenth. "Perhaps," he says, "it is that there is a kind of unity and finish about the eighteenth century." The seventeenth century was too full of combative religions, and the nineteenth of miscellaneous intellectual dynasties. Mr. Buchan remarks also that "there is reason for the view that Lord Balfour at his best writes the purest prose of our generation. A different style is in fashion today. The startling word, the haunting phrase, the impassioned epithet are more generally acclaimed—but perfect aptness and coherence are rarer than flowers and tears."

If the reaction born of a growing impatience is imminent or on the way, it is likely to be a recovery of some eighteenth century values. It will not come as a theory but as an increasing personal distaste for indistinct fiction and unkempt poetry, and a widening discovery of the delight there is in clear logic and right proportion. After all the sun is no less visible, nor the earth less solid under the feet, because of psychology. And people do have features as well as instincts, and one gets "fed up" with love, the draggled weed, and love, the botanical specimen, sooner and to more disgusted repletion than ever with love, the blossom on the bough. After all the primary magic of narrative to the

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following mind of a reader is visibility and movement. The primary magic of verse, as of dancing, is rhythm. The poet's partner is his reader. When two people are dancing together, one leading and one following, if the leader insists on making up the rhythm as he goes, there is some danger that his partner will not be altogether allured. After all there was a lot of good sense in Aristotle, and even Samuel Johnson was not quite without it. After all it is not so important what one dislikes as what one admires, and the great bulk of the admirable things in literature, naturally, comes from our forefathers, not from ourselves. After all revelation without creation reveals more symptoms than character, and symptoms are not as interesting as character. A swelling chorus of such "after alls" would be a prelude to that era, which does not as yet seem to have arrived.

The Publishing Business

THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING. By STANLEY UNWIN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN MACRAE
President, E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE author of this book has done a real service to publishers, authors, and the general public. Probably no other man in the English speaking world has so many of the qualifications necessary for the writing of this valuable book on the publishing profession. Mr. Unwin, although a publisher, has succeeded in accomplishing what many authors fail in doing; he has written a thoroughly delightful and interesting book on a particular subject. Fortunately, this author has the background and has subjected himself to the necessary training in preparation for the writing of his book. Mr. Unwin comes of a distinguished family of English printers; he had his early training in a printing plant, followed by a long experience in the publishing business with his uncle, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin of London. The author has patiently and intelligently prepared himself, step by step, for his life's work; he knows the picture value of good type, the importance of proper paper, the pleasure of good printing, and the selling value of appropriate binding.

Mr. Unwin has studied with infinite detail and enthusiasm all the problems of a publisher. He leads you, step by step, to comprehend not only the difficulties sure to arise, but, much more important, he makes you realize that publishing is both a hard task-master and a good business, bringing many delightful friends and full of many joyous days.

The author is successful in bringing definitely to the reader's attention that publishing is a business and, if successful, must be run on straightforward business principles. Mr. Unwin has experienced and carefully noted all the economic changes in modern publishing; his career began in pre-war days, when the physical cost of publishing a book was very small, in comparison with the cost of making a book in these times.

It is true that this book is written by an Englishman, for the English public, but the technical and elemental value of the book is thoroughly applicable to America. It is strange that a book written for the English on this subject, should cover so completely all the important economic and moral problems of a modern American publishing business.

This reviewer does not completely agree with the author on the subject of Literary Agents; it seems to him that the modern literary agent has a distinct place, first, to see that the author gets what is right, but further, to show to the author that his interest is bound up in a fair contract from the economic side of the publisher.

Publishing is a highly speculative business. There is only one standard for the publisher: is the manuscript worthy of publication? Next comes the practical side: can he sell a sufficient number of copies to repay him for the cost of manufacturing and distribution? Recently there has been a good deal of loose and ignorant discussion on the subject of book distribution. The American people are suffering a distinct loss, because books are not freely bought and sold. What we need is a large increase in the number of booksellers; and in order to have these bookstores, the cities and towns must support the local bookstore.

Publishing is bound up in and is a part of bookselling. Many of the earliest publishers, John Murray of London, D. Appleton, Charles Scribner's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., and many others started as booksellers; and in order to function properly, have to continue to find ways of bookselling.

Our educators are stressing the value of art to American progress; books become more and more a part of education, our colleges and schools are sending more and more men and women into literary life; newspapers, magazines and publishing offices are constantly sought after as places to begin work.

The reviewer recommends and would like to see Mr. Unwin's book used as a textbook in literature classes; students should learn the technical and aesthetic side of a book, type-setting, paper-making, printing, binding, and all the other details.

1926 in Retrospect

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR: A National Review of the Outstanding Figures, Trends and Events of 1926-27. Edited by GRANT OVERTON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1927. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

THE idea of this book is new," says Mr. Grant Overton—heaven knows why—in the opening sentence of his preface to "Mirrors of the Year." But of course it isn't. The idea of summing up the events of any particular year is at least as old as the pyramids, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle did it very neatly—indeed, Mr. Overton admits as much, or nearly as much, in the next sentence. And then he proceeds to rest his claim for novelty upon "the union of timeliness with perspective," pointing out that, anyhow, other reviews of other years have been "strictly perishable," whereas this one is built to last—a pleasant boast, but about as novel as "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments of princes" or "Exigi monumentum aere perennius." Some of the essays are timely, some of them have perspective, a very few have both—Vilhjalmur Stefansson's summary of polar exploration, for example—and a very, very few have neither.

The "Mirrors of the Year" is not consistent in its timeliness, because it wobbles badly between three years, dealing mainly with 1926, frequently retiring into the distant depths of 1925, and claiming in its title to represent 1927 also, though nobody can pretend, thus early in its course, to review the present year. Summarizing current tendencies and evaluating current events is hazardous enough, as Mr. Mark Sullivan observes in his chapter on politics; but the difficulties are trivial compared with the task of evaluating events before they happen and summarizing tendencies that have not yet declared themselves. In simple fairness the year 1927 ought to be given a chance to show what it can do before it is put on trial before Mr. Overton's jury of essayists.

But if one lays aside its editor's too, too solemn claim of virtues which no such collection possesses—or requires—and considers the "Mirrors of the Year" simply as a group of papers on subjects of contemporary interest, those annual looking-glasses begin to sparkle, and assume their proper value as an amusing book, which no one can pick up without pleasure and some slight modicum of profit. It would be strange indeed if a group of collaborators which includes Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Kathleen Norris, Mark Sullivan, Samuel Chotzinoff, and Elmer Davis turned out nothing of interest or importance.

The subjects, which sometimes double up uncomfortably, include two essays on the American abroad (who is, according to Louis Bromfield, very different from what he—and particularly she—was fifty years ago; and, according to Homer Croy, not at all a bad fellow), and two political papers, one on "The Political Year," by Mark Sullivan, and the other on "The State of the Nation," by Elmer Davis. Mr. Sullivan is very much afraid that his ideas may in the long run turn out to be wrong—which is, after all, the normal fate of political prognostications—and prefaces his observations with a detailed account of the lamentable blunders of those who ventured the same thing in 1903. They failed, misguided mortals that they were, to record the initial flights of the Wright brothers, disregarding them in favor of pensions appropriations and a Senatorial squabble over Panama. Yet, though Mr. Sullivan's modesty is becoming in a veteran, there is no reason to accuse him of similar errors, and despite the editor's assertion that "Mirrors of the Year" is not for an age but for all time, it is permissible to doubt whether many readers will be checking up on Mr. Sullivan's judgment a quarter century hence. His most interesting observation, in an entertaining essay, is that perhaps it doesn't matter, since in 1926 "for our abundance of material goods we were little indebted to politicians. Our enrichment was based largely on the coming to fruit of a series of cumulative inventions, perfections of mechanical devices, adaptations, organizations, all bringing natural forces to the service of man in the shape of power and goods. It was a combination of the beneficence of nature, the patient investigations of scientists, the resourcefulness of thousands of obscure workers."

Mr. Davis, who neatly tabloids "The State of the Nation," prefixes an utterance of Mr. Calvin Coolidge (believed to be related to the White House Spokesman) to sundry of his subdivisions; and there is only too much reason to suspect that he does so in a spirit of levity unbecoming in a sober-minded citizen. The influence, no doubt, of that man Mencken. But perhaps Mr. Davis is not a sober-minded citizen. At any rate, his chief objection to the present state of the nation is that "We are learning to reconcile optimistic idealism with acceptance of things as they are, so long as they do not happen to be immediately uncomfortable."

Mr. Herbert Asbury—the wicked grandson of the famous Bishop—takes almost as doleful a view of journalism as he once did of Methodism. "It is difficult," he avers, "to select the more horrible examples of American journalism during the past year; their extraordinary number precludes the possibility of a choice by any means short of magic." The Rhinelander suit, the Hall-Mills murder, Valentino's death, and the Browning case offer examples of what he means.

Mrs. Kathleen Norris accommodatingly defines the American home before she discusses it. It is, apparently, what you find in "five-room bungalows, six-seven-eight-room shingled houses, with bay windows in the parlor, and a breakfast alcove in the kitchen, apartments that rent from $40 to $400, places with flagpoles and one-car garages." The home's chief trouble is that it is inhabited by people "who live in a constant state of ugly worry and apprehension, who never know what true economy is, and how beautiful and comfortable it can be"—though they live at vast expense. The expense, however, is easy enough to understand after one has perused Hazel Rawson Cades on Fashions. It appears that gold lamé comes at $22.50 a yard—which is one reason why our new Spring overcoat is made of something else.

An ideal example of what the annual essay ought to be is Vilhjalmur Stefansson's "The North Pole Show," which states concisely what the various expeditions of the year achieved and didn't achieve, and reiterates that "what is technically known as the Frozen North" is safe enough for all except the ignorant, the ill-equipped, and natural-born idiots.

Thus the year 1926 is sped upon its way. Larry Barretto is supercilious as regards the theatre. Clarence Darrow declares that the crime wave is exaggerated, and that few murderers are convicted in Chicago. Arthur Somers Roche explains that it is not easy to get rich. Carl Hovey declines to take the movies too seriously. Harry Hansen mentions some books and describes several people as "experts" who aren't. Grantland Rice dissertates happily on sport. Without being in many respects a good book or in the least degree a remarkable book, "Mirrors of the Year" does provide several hours of first rate reading; and it is hard to imagine any taste that it won't hit, sooner or later.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Personal Record

AN AMERICAN SAGA. By CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by M. E. RAVAGE

Author of "An American in the Making"

SOMEWHERE between a dozen and a score of immigrant autobiographies have in the past quarter of a century appeared among us. Together they constitute perhaps as distinctive and characteristic a phase of a literature as any country can claim. Some of them are epics of man the alien at grips with his environment; others are mere self-conscious, sentimental tales, filled with a tawdry patriotism and naïve gratitude; others again are shrewd commentaries on our civilization viewed through detached eyes; not a few are in the deeper and narrower sense of the word literature.

Standing as he does on the shoulders of so numerous a company of predecessors, Mr. Jensen has not written an impressive book. His English is sometimes fluent, often pungent, usually vigorous and full-bodied. There are patches in the volume of vivid observation; there are bits of imaginative description; once or twice a portrait flashes out in bold outline. But his story as a whole leaves me indifferent and unsatisfied. It lacks a pattern; it is without the significance that endows a book with unity. I think of it as a handful of odd beads vaguely strung together, bearing little relation to one another or to any general plan. "An American Saga" is not, like Mr. Bok's story, a rushing, colorful narrative of a self-made man; it is not, like Mr. Lewisohn's, a critical reaction to the American scene; it is too fragmentary and disjointed for the epic note; and, except in spots, it is not literature.

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His opening chapters are well-knit, intense, alive. Mr. Jensen has lived his boyhood on the Danish shore, and his memory of its squalid, undernourished but withal passionate scenes has stayed with him vividly. I feel that if he had cut his story short with his arrival in this country, or possibly at his marriage, he would have come off gloriously. He seems not to have digested his American experiences, or to stand too near them in time for perspective. The experiences are varied and interesting enough in themselves, but his portrayal of them is as colorless as a government report. I do not see him in them at all. There is nothing of the man against an alien sky, of the earlier keen observer; he is neither enamored nor critical of the New World. His struggles and hardships and triumphs might have happened to anyone, anywhere. His recital of them is factual, drab, without zest or significance.

I rather suspect that part of Mr. Jensen's difficulty springs from his nationality. There is not enough contrast between his boyhood home and America to tempt forth the imaginative, graphic quality he displays earlier. His United States is merely a larger and possibly more amorphous Denmark. What might not have an Italian or a Russian Jew done with his amazing plunge into the sectarian life of America, with his Doomsday chapter! The Dane has known such people before, and he squanders his gifts on trifles.

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Perhaps, however, as his publishers say, Mr. Jensen did not primarily think of himself as an immigrant and of his narrative as an alien autobiography. His restraint of comment on American life would seem to point that way. He has lavished his skill as a writer on his youth in the homeland and on his life at sea. And as a tale of adventure, of manifold struggle and ultimate triumph, his book is perhaps as worth while as they come.

Hauteville House, Guernsey, where Victor Hugo lived during the whole period of his exile from France, has been presented with all its furniture and contents to the city of Paris by its present owners, his grand-daughter, Mme Negroponte, and his great grandchildren, Jean and François Hugo and Mlle. Marguerite Hugo, sons and daughter of the late Georges Hugo. The house is in the same condition as when Victor Hugo left it to return to France after the declaration of the Republic in 1870, and it is estimated to be worth, with its contents, about £20,000. Many of Victor Hugo's most famous works were written at Hauteville House, including "Les Misérables," "La Légende des Siècles," "L'Homme qui Rit," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," and "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois."

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

IV. *Concluded*

IN the first year of the Great War it was natural that the different industries in America should increasingly speculate as to what its effect would be "on business." The munitions makers began to make hay—or, rather, munitions. The propaganda makers had, for our part, not yet entered the arena. We were listening to von Bernstorff and were later decidedly to get "an earful" from Dr. Bernhard Dernburg. England and France were not without their spokesmen. George Sylvester Viereck had addressed Wilhelm II as "the Prince of Peace" and two verses of his exordium had stigmatized Germany's enemies as follows:

> May thy victorious armies rout
> The savage tribes against thee hurled,
> The Czar, whose sceptre is the knout,
> And France, the wanton of the world.
>
> But thy great task will not be done
> Until thou vanquish utterly
> The Norman brother of the Hun,
> England, the Serpent of the Sea.

He ended with the rhythmical remark, "For if thou fail, a world shall fall." "Who dies if England live?" sang Mr. Kipling. In *Jugend* appeared Ernst Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate,"

> "French and Russian, they matter not,
> A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot—" etc.

and *Punch* printed a memorable picture of an average German family working up their morning Hate.

The English poets did not, as a rule, indulge in hate hymns. Even Chesterton, who can hate quite briskly, gave us "The Wife of Flanders," a sober and quite noble effort. Masefield's "August 1914" had a sombre and elegiac quality. Young Rupert Brooke praised God for having "matched us with this hour." He was young, romantic, and disgusted with esthetes. Hardy sang with disillusion of the "men who march away." Of course the martial tom-toms were out in every country. That is inevitable, it seems, in war-time. And the realization of what such a war as the Great War would come to mean had not penetrated many minds. Shaw, with his usual integrity and intelligence, had his full say. Perhaps if there were a dozen Shaws seeded in every nation, the wild unreason of war might be blasted out of Man's emotions. He strove to give us common sense. Well, for the matter of that, so did Wilson, even hampered as he was by certain faults of character. If Shaw was standing on his head, *à la* Max's cartoon of him, (though that was not penned apropos of his war-attitude) in the light of all that happened afterward it turned out to be a rather more truly dignified position than the positions assumed by many who should have given us light and leading. But the war spirit, once aroused, is a deadly virus; hate springs from fear and the human race is still crawling fearfully under a vast and bloody shadow. At a touch it is absorbed in noctambulistic nightmare. So, the tom-toms were out, the war-drums were beating. Thy fruits, "diplomacy."

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There was speculation as to what the war would do to literature. Ironically enough, William Aspenwall Bradley had been writing of the Belgian literary revival. Verhaeren was, naturally enough, read avidly in America in 1914-15, for the world's eyes were centred on Belgium. St. John Ervine thought that the war would bring a change for the better. He wrote in 1915, "The world in which we were born came to an end at the beginning of last August, and a new world was created." Out of this new world, presumably, he saw the emergence of a literature greater and stronger. Elsewhere, the renaissance of French literature after Sedan, the siege, the Commune, and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, was instanced. It was argued that, as the Civil War had roused the South to expression—Lanier, Cable, Eggleston, Maurice Thompson, etc.—so the Great War would eventually produce new and crowded achievement in letters even in the countries hardest hit.

Attention was also turned to prophecies of the war in fiction by, among others, Edmund Lester Pearson, the specialist in the literature of murder. He recalled to us George Tomkyns Chesney's "The Battle of Dorking" (1871). Writing as a veteran of 1925, Chesney described fictitiously how the Germans captured London and overturned the British Empire in 1875. Then there was "The Great War of 189—", published in '93. The authors of this really quite prophetic book were Rear-Admiral Colomb, Colonel Maurice, Captain Maude, etc. They wrote of a "war spark emitted in the powder magazine of the Balkans," of the assassination of Ferdinand of Bulgaria,—but in this imaginary chronicle Russia and Germany fought each other while France battled with England by sea and with Russia by land.

Meanwhile, it may fairly be said that General von Bernhardi was the most conspicuous author by the end of 1914. Everybody was discussing von Bernhardi, Heinrich von Treitschke, and Kultur, and interpreting and *mis*interpreting Nietzsche until James Huneker was forced to exclaim that genius had no country, it was international not national. Mencken, of course, tried to clear up some of the misunderstandings about Nietzsche. In regard to von Treitschke, in his early twenties he had first put forth two books of poems, then he had chanted of war in "A Song of the Black Eagle" in 1870. He was the son of a Saxon general. He began as a university teacher at Leipzig in 1859. He published his "Social Science," four volumes of essays, of which the best is said to be his essay on Milton, and then became enamoured of the Prussian cause. In 1879 came the first volume of his "German History in the Nineteenth Century," frankly partisan. But what Americans were discussing was his statement that "The conduct of war is an essential function of the state," that War was God's medicine, and that, most important, the code of ordinary private morals cannot be applied to the State. Yet he said again, "No state has the right to extend its sway over people of a different race whom it cannot assimilate," this being a negative way of saying that other nationalities had a right to exist.

If the code of ordinary private morals cannot be applied to the state—well, what is the state, and why not? An abyss opens at our feet.

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Let us turn from this madness to listen to the voice of an English novelist, W. L. George, who was discussing quite another matter at this time. He was talking about a writer then new to us, one D. H. Lawrence. Gilbert Cannan, J. D. Beresford, Oliver Onions at that time had come to the fore as English realists. Lawrence, Mr. George rightly felt, was destined to outstrip them all. Here was the son of a Nottinghamshire coal-miner, a Board-school boy who had got a county council scholarship and had later taught at Croydon for less than £2 a week, suddenly becoming a portent in English letters. He had begun "The White Peacock" at twenty-one. He had produced a great novel, "Sons and Lovers." Mr. George was saying of him,

> I wonder whether Mr. Lawrence has not mistaken his medium and whether it is not a painter he ought to have been, so significant is for him the slaty opalescence of the heron's wing and so rutilant the death of the sun. When he paints the country-side, sometimes in his simplicity he is almost Virgilian, but more often he is a Virgil somehow strayed into Capua and intoxicated with its wines. All through everyone of his novels runs this passionate streak, this vision of nature in relation to himself.

I mention this because the writings of D. H. Lawrence were to have a noticeable effect upon our younger writers in America. At one time there was no English author more discussed among the artists. Another figure notable at that time was the Irish Navvy Novelist, Patrick MacGill, with his "Children of the Dead End" and "Songs of the Dead End." His prose was better than his poetry, which, even in the invective of "Serfs," owed to Swinburne, if not to Kipling. Another book from the people, much discussed, was "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists," by Robert Tressall, the story of a socialist house-painter. There was also John Helston, a much lesser Masefield.

We were being introduced to Anton Chekov, to Rolland's "Jean Christophe"; and Knut Hamsun's "Shallow Soil" was first being translated into English by Carl Christian Hylested. Hamsun had worked over here as a farm-hand and a street-car conductor, and had written thirty books before his

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first one came to America. We were becoming acquainted with the Serbian sculptures of Ivan Mestrovic, with the psychic improvisations upon the piano of our own Francis Grierson, who had spent his boyhood on our Mississippi prairies and later had left us for so long,—with Scriabin's composite art of sound and color and his keyboard of light, following our acquaintance with Schoenberg and Stravinsky—with Percy Grainger's, the Australian's, folk-songs of the American negro. And the then pristine James Stephens, who had just presented us with Patsy McCann and his philosophic donkey, had handed our literature a regular wallop in the pages of *The Century*. He called his article "The Old Woman's Money." He said our literature had become brutally feminine and appealed to the middle-aged woman. "Instead of being sensuous it is sensual, and often indelicately so." He advised us to "cut out" the boyish boy and the girlish girl. "This youth has attained to all the vices of age, and has conserved few of the charms proper to its period." And that ancient, Mr. Edward Garnett, in *The Atlantic* had called our fiction exaggerated and stereotyped, a presentation of standardized morals. He listed seventy British writers of genuine original talent (though omitting Shaw and Barrie) and could only discover about twenty writers in the United States who were no literary commercialists. This also was endearing.

* * *

Frank Harris had been revaluing us. He praised Emerson, and then tossed the bombshell that David Graham Phillips was on a high intellectual level as a prophet and seer, the level of Schopenhauer and Emerson,—nay, not only that, but "the greatest novelist who has yet written in English." This was paralyzing.

John Cowper Powys was among us exhorting that "we must return to the great masters . . . to the things that really matter," meaning to Rabelais, Dante, Shakespeare, El Greco, Milton, Nietzsche, Hardy, Dostoievsky, and others, all of whom he orated of with engaging enthusiasm in "Visions and Revisions."

And William Marion Reedy remarked, "It is sex o'clock in American fiction."

We were hearing from Irvin Cobb, Arthur Ruhl, Alexander Powell, Jack Reed, about the War. Von Hindenburg had now become the hero of the Masurian Lakes. But on the eve of the spring campaign of 1915 Germany had lost the initiative, Great Britain held the seas, France was ready to push reserves on the Northern line, Italy was going in, Austria was nearly out, and the Turkish stroke had failed though Russia was pressing hard in the East. Brand Whitlock was in Belgium. So was Hoover, later. And while fifty million dollars a day were being spent by seven nations to destroy each other, out in San Francisco forty-two nations combined in an exhibition of the total value of three hundred and fifty millions; the court of the Universe, the city of Palaces, the tower of Jewels, the amethystine searchlights,—the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

* * *

Nearly a million and a half men had been killed in battle. "Certainly," said an editorial, "no people ever lived less desirous of war than the American people at this time and no men were ever in power more averse to an appeal to arms than our President and his Secretary of State. Yet three thousand miles away from the scenes of carnage, the suction of the maelstrom has caught us in its power and escape will apparently require the utmost skill and energy."

On March 28th the British passenger steamer *Falaba* was sunk by a German submarine, with one American citizen on board. On May first the American vessel *Gulflight* was torpedoed by a submarine and two American lives were lost. On May 7th the British passenger steamer *Lusitania* was torpedoed and one hundred American citizens lost their lives. All these ships were carrying contraband of war and were subject to seizure and search. The German embassy had advertised in our newspapers warning those Americans sailing on the *Lusitania* that they did so at their own risk. Wilson's note to Germany was a distinguished document; and Bryan resigned because he thought it too harsh. Rudolph Eucken, the German philosopher, who had now been reverenced by so many club-women, looked toward Heaven and intoned that what Germany really wanted to do was to spread its Kultur, that "complete fruition of the special kind of spiritual life imparted to us by nature," etc. He referred to "creative sources of the truth" and "mighty idealism." That sort of thing began to get a bit thick.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Merrick's Early Work

VIOLET MOSES. By LEONARD MERRICK. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is one of Mr. Merrick's earliest books, never before published in the United States, and omitted at the author's request from the "Definitive Edition" of his works. Mr. John Macrae tells us that a rereading of the novel made him feel that the omission was a mistake, and that it is "interesting in itself, apart from its clear indications of the author's budding gifts and future distinction." He might have spoken even more warmly of it. In some respects it is one of the most striking and memorable of Mr. Merrick's books.

It is arresting and memorable because it is more ambitious than most of Mr. Merrick's later work. The author was not yet content to write pleasantly ironical and amusing tales which slip over the surface of life, or slight if penetrating studies of maladjusted artists. In this early novel he tried to deal with large and poignant themes. There is the theme, first, of marriage between Gentile and Jew,—a very unhappy marriage, as it turns out—with all the problems it entails. There is the theme of love outside wedlock; the unhappy wife tempted by a former sweetheart to abandon her husband. Earlier in the volume we have still another "situation" of dramatic possibilities; the situation of a girl, the heroine, called upon to leave congenial surroundings to go live with her shabby, scheming, swindling father. Indeed, one evidence of Mr. Merrick's artistic immaturity lies in the fact that he has overcrowded his novel with problems and with plot. Nevertheless, his ambition is to be counted a merit and he might have become a greater novelist if he had retained more of it.

The characterization shows the expert observation and insight which mark Mr. Merrick's later work. All his personages are sharply realized and drawn. The hero, Allan Morris, a dreamy, romantic, and morally weak young man, who will not give Violet up even after her marriage; the coarse-grained, selfish, materialistic, yet entirely honest and well-meaning Jew, Leopold Moses, whom Violet marries because marriage is the only escape from an intolerable home; the amusing scoundrel and blackleg, her father, who cheats and robs and slinks his way through life—these are done almost if not quite as well as Merrick later did the characters of "Peggy Harper" or that favorite novel of Howells's, "The Actor Manager." There is a tragic funniness about the household in which Violet has to live when she joins her father; her designing and tyrannical aunts, her crackbrained old grandfather, and her cadging parent, boasting of the neat swindles he has pulled off in various parts of the world. Equally grotesque is the Anglo-Jewish world of which she becomes a part when she marries Leopold Moses, a world concerned by day with money-making and by night with food, drink, clothes, and cards. Mr. Merrick pictures these scenes with freshness and gusto, and the satire is neatly pointed without being unpleasant.

Expert craftsman that he is, no doubt Mr. Merrick would wince a little today over the crudities of his grand climax. Violet, miserable in her union with Moses, who has not a single taste or aspiration in common with her, tormented by the vulgarity of the *nouveaux riches* among whom she spends her days, nevertheless rejects the advances of her former suitor, Morris, now a successful novelist. Both of them expend a good deal of rhetoric on the scene. Mr. Merrick expends a little himself. When it is over, he says, "racked and anguished, the wretched woman supported herself on the threshold, and questioned dumbly what she might still expect, what solace the years could ever bring. The kaleidoscope of her life lay shattered at her feet, a heap of splintered glass." Mr. Merrick has learned to write in a different style. Nevertheless, this scene completes a really felicitous picture of a Victorian girl of strong will and high character, who faces life bravely and amid many vicissitudes shows herself to be both very human and very good. If it were only for the study of Violet, the book would be worth republishing.

The War Seen Truly

THE SPANISH FARM. New Edition. By R. H. MOTTRAM. New York: The Dial Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD

TO say of any book that it shows us the Great War as it was, is almost as foolish as to say of any book that it shows us life as it is. The Great War meant (like life) different things to every human being touched by it. "The Spanish Farm" limits its portrait of the Great War to the impressions of one small family of half-Flemish, half-French peasants whose farm was near the front, and to those of a few English officers, mostly of the non-professional soldier class.

If you think that this limits the book you are mistaken. To show those impressions as Mr. Mottram shows them is to give an interpretation of the war. Within those limitations, self-imposed and admirably well chosen for his purposes, the author paints authentically, exactly, movingly, profoundly the pageant of the War (if so drab and muddy a war can be said to have a pageant). He recreates the British Expeditionary Force, makes us understand what was going on behind the khaki uniforms and cross belts better, far better because less self-consciously, than Ford Madox Ford in his war books. Above all he interprets the varying points of view and of interest of the Allies, sometimes whimsically, more often with understanding philosophy. His book sets down sensitively the distractingly various moods of the war, the incoherent ups and downs of emotion. Nothing is truer in it than the small incident of the taut tuning up of everybody's nerves for a heroic defense of the farm against the terrific offense . . . which never came off. The ensuing flatness of reaction is one of the most recognizable, absurd, and familiar items in the book. Again nothing is truer and more touching in any war-book I know than the desolation of loneliness of the British officer on leave with nowhere in particular to go. The picture of his emotional state as he starts for Paris to spend his week of leave with his French girl, is (for an age still soaked in Romantic School melodramatic traditions about the relations of men and women) astonishingly human and movingly truthful.

* * *

The book has its defects, mostly to my mind connected with the ambitious attempt fully to understand and depict in detail the inner life of a French peasant girl. Mr. Mottram is a man and an Englishman, and once in a while the reader is sharply reminded of this, is brought up short with a start of incredulity. I refer especially to the feeling of the French-Flemish farm-girl towards the son of the landed proprietor, from whom her father rents his farm. Mr. Mottram shows us her acquiescence in all the whims and selfishness and brutal carelessness of her rich young lover as being based on her sense that he is "the young master" and hence above criticism by such as she. It seems to me that Mr. Mottram has been misled (for once) by a similarity of phrase. A girl of that class might indeed speak of such a young man as "le jeune maître" but I am sure she would mean by the phrase nothing remotely resembling the feeling which we are led by English writers to believe is the feeling of an English peasant girl when she says "the young master." The Northerners in France have always been extremely, not to say exasperatingly, independent in their personal attitude towards those who from time to time throughout the centuries have tried to set themselves up as their "social superiors." From before the Spanish, and steadily down through history after them, *un homme du Nord* has silently, very competently, and not at all graciously considered himself as good as anybody. The slow bluntness of their downright manner is traditional in France, as is their utter lack of any desire to be pleasing in personal contacts with their "overlords." Furthermore in this case the family of "the young master" was according to French standards one of parvenus, new-rich, with no old standing in the region.

I don't doubt at all the relationship between the worthless and engaging young rich man and the solidly vital peasant girl, but I feel that it was based entirely on personal elements, an interplay between their two characters as man and woman; not at all as between representatives of two different social

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classes. This, for me, throws the portrait of the girl rather out of drawing at various points in the book. But nowhere else do I feel any uncertainty of conception or execution. One rests securely on a perfect confidence in the author's capacity for understanding what he saw during the war, and for making us understand it with him.

Understand it? Too narrow a word. Understand it and feel it, and, physically, nervously, and emotionally live through it all again.

Novel or Parody?

STARLING: A Study of Husbands and Wives. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE question in one's mind after reading "Starling" is not whether Christopher Ward should return to writing parodies, but whether he has left off. Are we dealing with the author of "One Little Man" or the author of "Gentleman Into Goose"? Is the jacket all wrong in taking the book seriously, or will Mr. Ward one day write a beautiful parody of it, tickling the protruding ribs of his sermon and tearing its lavendar patches to shreds?

The story opens with a prologue in Heaven—I mean, in "the thin clear dry air of the high places of New Mexico." Five more or less Vassar-bred young girls, Sandy, Andy, Billy, Pat, and Peter—note the symbolism in the nicknames—are discussing the Tragedy of being a Woman. One of them gives a comic-strip sketch of what it means to suppress one's own personality in order to become Mrs. John Thomas So-and-So. The others "rock with mirth." But Sandy—our heroine, *née* Cynthia—hazards the suggestion that love of one's husband and especially love of one's children might make matrimony an endurable institution.

Thus the foundation of a strictly steel-constructed tale is laid. Mr. Ward's mathematics are admirable and every bolt and beam shoots into place with precision. Cynthia has only to contract a loveless marriage and the walls will be up. She does and they are. She marries a personification of wealth and social obligations who happens to have an engaging manner and a large assortment of wooden prejudices. It is evident from the start that several old-fashioned varieties of domestic tyranny—including a stage mother-in-law—await the newly caged starling. Not her own desires but the ancestral portraits on the wall are to determine how she shall live, whom she shall meet, when she shall have her babies. However, neither square-cut emeralds nor Rolls-Royces are able to reconcile our Cynthia to such a life. Only the claims of a child could hold her, and at the moment there is no child. This indeed is the burden of the tale—the rights of children in loveless marriages—and lest the reader fail to catch it the first time, it is further stressed by Cynthia's subsequent actions and by a flashy scene in which a dearly beloved mistress goes down to defeat before the unloved but prolific wife of her lover.

* * *

Yes, it is really like that, only more so. There are three timely appearances of a *tertium quid*, a wax vamp all in violet, even to the upholstery of her Cadillac sport roadster, and a Zane Grey fight in the high places of New Mexico, absolutely complete with a Mexican, a run-away horse, an "I-love-you-so" and everything. There are "eyes bright with unshed tears" and a mouth that frequently smiles "a writhen smile"; the heroine holds up "a repellent palm" and "rapture thrills her."

All this would be unimportant and the book might be dismissed in a word if some of it were not so well done and if Mr. Ward had not written "One Little Man." The fox hunt and Cynthia's reactions to it are excellent, and the chatter of Cynthia's young friends is occasionally very amusing. As a contribution to the problem of the modern woman, however, the tale is as naïve in its sociology as in its biology: somehow it takes one straight back to those prehistoric days before Nora slammed the door. And then the succession of scenes and persons direct from Hollywood—yes, after all, this must really be one of Mr. Ward's little parodies.

The Bowling Green

The Folder

I HOPE I transgress no etiquette in reprinting the most interesting catalogue item I've seen in a long time. The following is from a catalogue just issued by Edgar H. Wells and Company of New York. The item is marked SOLD so it is vain for collectors to repine.

CONRAD (JOSEPH). Three Autograph Letters Signed, February 18, 1923, March 15, 1923, and May 27, 1924. Together 6 pages, 4to, addressed respectively to the Vice Chancellor of Oxford University, the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University, and to The Right Honourable Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., when Prime Minister.

The letters read:

I. "Dear Sir, I am much indebted to you for the friendly thought of conveying to me privately the intention of the Senate Committee of your University. An obscure feeling taking its origin, perhaps, in acute consciousness of the inward consistency of a life which at this day may, with truth, be said to have been lived already, compels me to decline an academic degree. One clear statement I can make as to this attitude: it is associated not with any lack of appreciation either moral or intellectual. Will you do me the favour to convey to Committees of the Senate of your illustrious University my deep sense of the intended honour and the expression of my respectful gratitude. Pray, dear Sir, accept my thanks for your communication and believe me, with great regard Very faithfully yours Joseph Conrad."

II. "Dear Sir, With all possible deference I beg to be permitted to decline the offer contained in your letter. I hope you will accept and communicate to the Council of the Senate of your illustrious University my grateful sense of the proffered distinction and the expression of my profound respect. Believe me very faithfully yours Joseph Conrad."

III. "Sir, It is with the deepest possible sense of the honour H. M. the King is graciously willing to confer on me on your recommendation that I beg leave to decline the proffered Knighthood. In conveying to you my sincere thanks I venture to add, that, as a man whose early years were closely associated in hard toil and unforgotten friendships with British working men, I am specially touched at this offer being made to me during your premiership. I have the honour to be, with my greatest regard Your obedient servant Joseph Conrad."

The letters actually dispatched were typed. The letters here offered for sale are Conrad's final drafts which were copied by the typist. In this connection a letter from Mrs. Conrad, February 7, 1927, is of interest: "I found these three letters yesterday morning while putting my papers in order for leaving. Why the word Copy is written on two of them is for this reason. Mr. Conrad's secretary copied the letter and the typed letter was sent in both cases as the original was so much corrected."

These extraordinarily interesting letters seem to me to do honor both to those who made the offers and the one who declined them.

* * *

Numerous clients have submitted improvements of the erring French verses on the Venus de Milo. (I refer you to the Bowling Green of April 23.) The most ingenious and also the simplest of the offered corrections was sent in by several hands, but the first to arrive was from Mrs. J. J. Lipsey of Colorado Springs. To her, accordingly, goes the award—a copy of *Éloge de l'Ignorance*, by Abel Bonnard.

The improved version follows:

S'il fallait perdre des allures
Un échange j'aurais fait,
Et pour tes bras si blancs et purs,
Ta tête je manquerais.

It is only right to remark, however, that the most sagacious comment on the matter was that offered by Mr. Thaddeus Gorecki, of Philadelphia, who writes:

Your quatrain, I regret to say, was, quâ French verse, much worse than you confessed it to be. You can't (or rather, you can, but you musn't) rhyme *allures* with *purs:* the first ends in mute *e*, and is called a feminine rhyme, while the second is a masculine. Likewise, the verb *manquer* means: "to be in want of" or "to fail in doing something" such as "*manquer le train.*" The rules of French prosody are very strict, and you are hardly to be chided for your good intentions. I have recast your quatrain into French decasyllabics:

Puisqu'il te fallait perdre des appas,
Perte sublime, mais moins affreuse!
Je donnerais, bien sûr, pour tes deux bras
Si purs, ta belle tête rêveuse.

* * *

Evidently the liveliest classicists among *Saturday Review* subscribers are those from the South. Both Sweet Briar College and Randolph-Macon Woman's College have written about the Caliph Newton's sun-dial motto. From the Dean's office at Sweet Briar comes this daintily-feathered shaft:

I am moved to tell you how much I appreciated your subtle humor and your confidence in the intelligence and the classical education of the readers of *The Saturday Review* in refraining from calling to the attention of Mr. A. Edward Newton his failure to avoid a Latin epigram for his sun-dial by choosing an English version of Martial V. 58.

EMILY H. DUTTON.

Alas, our correspondent does us too much honor. We never read any Martial, so the subtlety was unintentional. Herbert C. Lipscomb of the Latin Department at Randolph-Macon kindly copied out for us the passage in Martial which is suspected of being the original of Mr. Newton's inscription:

Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Postume, semper.
Dic mihi, cras istud, Postume, quando venit?
Quam longe cras istud, ubi est, aut unde petendum?
Numquid apud Parthos Armeniosque latet?
Iam cras istud habet Priami vel Nestoris annos.
Cras istud quanti, dic mihi, possit emi?
Cras vives? Hodie iam vivere, Postume, serum est:
Ille sapit, quisquis, Postume, vixit heri.

* * *

To these gracious experts in Latinity perhaps we should pass on a document that came to us lately from Captain David Bone. When Captain Bone and his *Transylvania* returned from a Mediterranean cruise this spring, the Captain handed us, with somewhat an air of mystery, the following script. He says it is a rough translation of a fragment he discovered while "rooting around among some debris in Virgil's Cave near Naples." He added that he had intended to put it into Latin verses (the original version, presumably, having blown overboard), but decided to offer the task to the Bowling Green instead.

CARMEN I

O Christopher! Wherefor didst thou not cross with me the wild surges of the Atlantic, where northern storms and the rage of the southwest winds roused the rolling monsters of the deep. What wonders have I seen since, braving tempests, I passed between the Pillars of Hercules and, coasting the desert shores of barbarian Africa, anchored my ship where Carthage was. And, on the Athenian shore at Phalerum, did I not take chariot towards the fair Acropolis glistening purely white under the radiance of a swollen moon and bright stars?

Byzantium, O Christopher, was even fair although the bitter blackening storms arose to scourge the Bosphorus and dismay our entrance with snow and a sound as of the mournful Hyades. For there unveiled maidens with shorn locks went openly abroad and engaged in the light dances to rude music, while wine of Cyprus and the Ægean vineyards made glad our sojourn. The omens being fair and Bright Phœbus ascendant, we sailed the coast of Phœnicia. Brave rays lightened Tyre and Sidon and the flower bedecked slopes of Carmel and favouring winds sped our ship towards Pelusium.

Lucent beams of the Pharos arose upon the sea rim to guide us into the Alexandrian Port. At the rising of the sun we moored our ship where Antony held state and Cleopatra. Greeks and Nubians and all barbarians from afar came to look upon us and to utter greetings. Persic ornaments and coverings from fabled Cathay were offered unto us, and strange music sounded. My heart fainted, O Christopher, in remembering that thou wast not there to join with me in the wild dances, for there Baal, whom men call Jazz, is worshipped and maidens invoke his name.

And now, Christopher, my heart cries out to thee. The days pass and here in tranquil zephyrs the Tyrrhenian seas sparkle at the approach of our ship and sportive dolphins, beloved of Aphrodite, rustle the smooth expanse and cast bright spray abroad. But when the direful Ides no longer vex the Atlantic Sea I shall be with thee, and we shall bind garlands, and the Cæcuban, reserved for a festal occasion, shall be served by pleasant slaves.

For the best rendering of Captain Bone's discovery into Latin (verse or prose) we offer as a reward a copy of one of the Captain's own books, and will undertake to get it autographed by him for the translator.

* * *

Just after I had quoted here, a few weeks ago, a charming letter from Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, I was grieved to read of his sudden death in London. There must be many who remember the masterly little brevities about books that Mr. Kerfoot wrote, week by week for nearly twenty years, in *Life*. When he retired from journalism he did so with great definiteness, and devoted himself to travel and his hobby of early American antiques. His remarkable book *How to Read*, a careful study of that many-stranded psychic flow we call reading, has been absent from my shelves for some ten years (I can't remember who was the borrower) but I often think of it. He was a very lovable man and a very sensitive critic.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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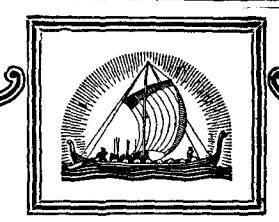

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Books of Special Interest

Current Murders

THE HOUSE OF SIN. By ALLEN UPWARD. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1927. $2.

ALL AT SEA. By CAROLYN WELLS. The same.

THE GIRL IN BLACK. By VICTOR BRIDGES. The same.

THE TATTOO MYSTERY. By WILLIAM LEQUEUX. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1927. $2.

THE VICTORY MURDERS. By FOSTER JOHNS. New York: John Day Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by DASHIELL HAMMETT

IN "The House of Sin" the quick-acting poison is brought, for a change, from Nigeria instead of South America. Dr. Tarleton, medical adviser to the Criminal Investigation Department, is called to the residence of the Duke of Altringham to examine the body of a handsome young man who has been found dead—murdered, of course—in the Duke's conservatory. All hands lie to the doctor, very industriously. A great mound of trickery, intrigue, and the rest of it, is erected, with a fresh crime thrown on top every now and then. Tarleton, with his experience as physician and police official, should have hit on the truth fairly early in the story. The chances are you will find the solution—if not all its details—before the doctor does, but I recommend the experiment. "The House of Sin" is—except for the weakness mentioned—well and intelligently done.

The author of "All at Sea" has written something in the neighborhood of a couple of dozen detective stories, all conscientiously in accordance with the formula adopted as standard by the International Detective Story Writers' Convention at Geneva in 1904. One should expect that by now she would have learned to do the trick expertly. She hasn't. The present work is without skill in plot, incident, or wording. For instance, in setting the stage for the murder, the author puts Carmelita Valdon beside the man who is to be done in, and then, two paragraphs later, makes her go around another to get beside him. "One could distinguish them, most often, from their costumes, especially those of the women. . . . The speech grated on Ned Barron's taste. . . . Already the manager was planning to train the little chap up in the way he should go to become later a valuable clerk in the hotel": three hundred and some pages of that can annoy.

Garrett Folsom was knifed as he stood in a group of friends in the surf at a New Jersey resort, and the first detective immediately pronounced it "the most mysterious case I have ever heard of." You'll spot the murderer on sight. Any policeman would have had him or her (this vagueness is rather over-ethical in the circumstances) jailed within the hour. Suspicion is thrown at (not on, because you're credulous indeed if any of it fools you) this one and that one. The chief suspect puts himself to an enormous amount of trouble to endanger his neck. Toward the last Fleming Stone is brought in. He's as useless as the other detectives. On page 339 the murderer confesses, for no reason at all except that it's time to end the story. The final explanation is unduly preposterous.

"The Girl in Black" is about one of those beautiful and mysterious ladies who tote important documents, are pursued by scoundrels, and eventually clear the names of dear old fathers. I may be wrong. This one may be no worse than others of the same sort. It seemed pretty terrible to me, but I admit I may have been influenced by my dislike for the hero—a thoroughly stuffy young explorer with a *flair* for the limpest of wisecracks.

"The Tattoo Mystery" is another mimeographed affair. Lovely Lady Erica Thurston is held in horrible bondage by a most fearsome gang of international thieves, "The Money Spiders," who mark their victims with a terrible tattoo, the first warning of their doom. (If you think I composed that sentence with intent to sneer at the book, you're mistaken: I copied it from the jacket.) The lady talks like this: "I must be taken away from you by a cruel destiny," she said, interrupting me. "Have I not told you that we must never meet again, Mr. Remington? I mean what I say alas! even though it distresses me to repeat those words." People stand aghast and it's all very funny if you're in a mood for burlesque. If your desire is for excitement, pass on.

"The Victory Murders" doesn't redeem its jacket's promise of "a motive new in fiction," nor is there elsewhere much novelty in the tale's machinery. All its gadgets—including the quick-acting poison of which you may have heard previous mention—are second-hand, and as the story progresses it becomes unnecessarily complicated and not altogether plausible. Nevertheless it is far above the average prevalent in its field—an entertaining history of the deaths of charming ladies, of intrigue, deceit, and blithe violence in Marseilles, London, Paris, and New York, with a villain whose guilt is adequately concealed, and a couple of detectives who go sanely about the business of detecting. A deft handling of old materials, "The Victory Murders" deserves a reading.

Good Melodrama

THE PROFESSORS LIKE VODKA. By HAROLD LOEB. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by H. H. BROWN

HAROLD LOEB'S latest novel is significant because of the amusing and illuminating treatment it gives us of the flounderings of a professed intellectual when confronted with a problem which requires the action of the whole man. His protagonists are Professors Halsey and Mercado, whose brains have steadily matured in that intellectual incubator, an American University, while their emotions have been allowed practically to atrophy. On a summer's trip to Paris, they each fall in love with a Russian emigrée, who is of such a nature as to make the most extensive emotional demands. It is upon Mercado's affair that the author concentrates the most of his attention. Like Hamlet, the former is faced with a specific problem which requires immediate action, and over which he deliberates quite as much and as morbidly as the melancholy Dane. Mercado is a Jew. Clara, alias Cléopâtre, is typically Russian in that she believes she is doing a favor to anyone of the Chosen People by relieving him of life. Shall Mercado tell her of his nationality, or shall he not; and if so, what are the most tactful methods? Like one who crosses a chasm by means of an overhanging branch, and finding himself within six inches of the other side, becomes too exhausted for a single additional effort, so Mercado's deliberative faculties suddenly take offense at their own activity, and he blurts out the fatal information at the least suitable moment.

That is the story; one of "a hundred indecisions . . . a hundred visions and revisions," in which the professors argue, deliberate, probe into the hidden recesses of their own minds, act parts which are not their own, advance and retreat with a wild precipitation, and through it all, suffer spiritual pangs quite worthy of an adolescent.

To the temperamentality of the ladies must be laid some of the blame for the complexity of the professors' behavior. Cléopâtre is a baffling figure with her mental equipment which is half that of a shepherd girl from the steppes, and half that of a professional entertainer from a Paris café. Her face is like an angel's; but she has bathed her arms to the elbows in Bolshevik blood. Her brother, in the brief scene alloted to him, appears at once a cynic and an idealist, a Sioux Indian chief on the war path, and an eighteenth century dandy seeking to defend his honor by a duel. Far be it from the reviewer's intention to deny the possibility of such a variety of impulses in Clara's and Fyodor's mind. Remembering Dostoievsky, he feels it would be unwise to refuse any contradiction to the Russian soul; but when it is the latter that is poured into the test tube, and shaken up with the soul of a middle-aged American professor, almost anything can happen; and does happen, indeed, to the great amusement of the reader.

Mr. Loeb is usually more than equal to the occasion. Whether it be Halsey expounding his Nietzschean theory of aesthetics to the old *cocotte* whom his liquor-muddled brain takes from the wife of Dean Smith, or Cléopâtre demanding that Mercado use the same dagger on her with which she has killed so many Jews; he can register both the comic and tragic effect. His style, like his characters, like his theme, can be gay, sombre, poetic, or dryly realistic at will. If he has written a melodrama, it is a melodrama of the mind; and like the Russians, he has the gift of making melodrama convincing.

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Critic vs Critic.

As Llewellyn Jones predicted, there has been considerable misunderstanding of Professor Rickert's purpose in this first complete exposition of her new methods for the criticism of literature. Indignant and irritated critics have cried out that Miss Rickert "effects a dislocation of the total aesthetic experience," that "any method of studying literature which leaves out composition as its final goal is not literary and artistic."

But let Mr. Jones explain the matter as he sees it: "What Miss Rickert has given us is a series of vernier scales for the closer reading of narrative, essay, and poem. They call our attention sharply to subtleties that in ordinary reading we only feel vaguely; . . . and they bring out with extraordinary accuracy those personal qualities of style by which we recognize this or that author."

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Books of Special Interest

Fatuity Made Funny

CHICAGO. By MAURINE WATKINS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by CORNING WHITE

IN a very humble fashion a playwright now myself, I am somewhat skeptical of the pigeon-hole style of criticism. But I often discover a shabby black thread on the shoulder of my coat suggestive of the years, not long since, when I wore a pedagogic robe. And on these occasions I always have a hankering after the definitive term.

"Chicago" puzzled some of the gentlemen who wrote the reviews of its stage production. They called it multifarious names. Mr. George Jean Nathan in his introduction to the published edition, with his customary charming insouciance, ridicules his colleagues for their efforts to classify the piece. He himself simply calls it a play.

I now welcome this opportunity to venture my opinion that this sparkling work by Miss Watkins is not in its essential character so unusual as many authoritative persons consider it to be. It is simply a social satire designed for the theatre. Its incidents have the verve of revue burlesque. Its dialogue often exhibits a most sophisticated wit. "Chicago" is in the firmly established tradition of dramatic entertainment which through ridicule exposes the futility of a current social manner. The play is a twentieth century example of the sort of thing Henry Fielding did in the "Social Register for the Year 1736." It is exactly the kind of thing which roused the ire of Robert Walpole and precipitated the censorship law of 1737.

The subject matter of "Chicago" is old stuff: police corruption, the crookedness of politicians, the blatant sensationalism of a mud-slinging, scandal-mongering press, the tricks of criminal lawyers, the incongruities of court sentences, and all the rest. This is treated with tragic irony in Patrick Kearney's dramatization of Theodore Dreiser's great novel of the crime and punishment of Clyde Griffiths. This has furnished forth innumerable cheap crook and mystery plays. But to this well worn material Miss Watkins has brought a point of view delightfully fresh. She discovers in all this a glorious instance of our national moral fatuity. The people in the play, Moonshine Maggie alone excepted, are utterly vulgar and banal, just as they are in many of the popular crook plays. In the crook plays, though, these characters are made to seem serious and important. Miss Watkins shows them as they really are—hilariously funny. Funny, that is, if you do not take your neighbors tragically! For the people in "Chicago" may also be considered the most pitiful on earth. In this play Miss Watkins gives us perhaps the best picture to date of the colossal vulgarity of the middle class American mind. The urbane vivacity of this young dramatist's treatment of what in other hands is always boresome—makes one pause. Her lines always are amusing. To intelligent readers, this satire will be a rare delight.

All essentially the same in type are "The Show-Off," "A Man's Man," and "Chicago." Each exposes one of our national foibles. What Jules Lemaitre and Maurice Donnay have done in French drama, a bit seriously to be sure, George Kelley, Patrick Kearney, and Maurine Watkins are doing for the theatre here, in a lighter manner—a presentation of peculiarly nationalistic themes.

"Chicago" is national dramatic journalism at its very best. But the play has no universal quality whatever. Even the finest journalism is local. And it dates. I enjoyed watching "Chicago" on the stage. I enjoyed reading it. I'm sure no intelligent American can see it or read it without the keenest delight. But I do not care to see the play again, and I shall not hesitate to lend my copy of it to any one of my friends whose remissness in returning borrowed volumes I well know.

A reprint of Frances Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," with an introduction by Michael Sadleir and reproductions of eight of the original plates will soon be issued.

Russell, Impressario

THE PASSING SHOW. By HENRY RUSSELL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by H. THORNTON CRAVEN

OPERATICALLY speaking, the years 1906-1910 so strikingly constituted the Age of Oscar Hammerstein that the memory of less spectacular entrepreneurs is dimmed. Mr. Gatti-Casazza, of course, has survived. But Conried, retiring from the Metropolitan, passed into the memoir writing stage in 1908. The politic Dippel soon succumbed to the trials of a joint directorate. When the resourceful Oscar was in his heyday, he went far toward monopolizing the scene and even the Metropolitan, despite its protests, was a shade intimidated. With the Manhattan Opera House venture at the peak of its success, the Philadelphia experiment, though destined to last but two seasons, was started. The cornerstone of the Philadelphia Opera House, to serve as an adjunct to the Manhattan, was laid in 1908, in the late spring.

Toward the close of that same year Boston opened its purse and its artistic enthusiasm to the proposals of Mr. Henry Russell, fortified by the practical generosity of Mr. Eben D. Jordan. Hammerstein passed into managerial eclipse in America and promptly headed for the London fiasco at a time when the Boston Opera House was apparently firmly established. But Mr. Russell, although clever and entertaining, possessed not the Oscarian trick of capturing the popular imagination. Boston naturally remembers the Russell régime and retains pride in its accomplishments that ended when the war and the death of Mr. Jordan lent emphasis to the financial embarrassments of the undertaking. But outside the Massachusetts capital Henry Russell is a somewhat secondary figure in twentieth century American operatic annals, when compared, that is, with Oscar and Mr. Gatti.

However stage memoirs are very much in vogue today. Mr. Russell has followed the fashion and written "The Passing Show." This rather fragmentary work is not so much an autobiography as an account of the author's contacts with a great variety of eminent personages in drama and opera and the reminiscence of a checkered yet enlivening career of an undiscouraged impresario.

Russell, the young English vocal teacher, was early transformed into Russell, the operatic manager. Besides conducting the Boston institution, he was for a short time director of the French opera in New Orleans, piloted the San Carlo company rather precariously through the United States, managed a farewell tour of Melba in her native Australia, and, though often in a rôle of authority, was in the picturesque sense of the term, a trooper. According to his own cheerful chronicle, Mr. Russell was forever meeting charming people and they were finding him charming and life was just one charming anecdote after another. He knew d'Annunzio in the Duse days and advised the elusive Eleanora about her voice. He knew the vivacious, and socially bewildering, and of course "charming" Lady Charles Beresford. He knew Maeterlinck and both of his wives. The full list is long and diversified.

Mr. Russell is not averse to exhibiting his own mistakes of judgment if a good story is preserved thereby. He confesses his responsibility for Maeterlinck's catastrophic lecture in English. Mr. Russell had arranged for a system of phonetics whereby the Flemish poet, who knew naught of our vernacular, was to struggle in his American tour through a translation of his discourse, originally written in French. The convulsive outcome was an audience appalled, a tour disrupted, and a law suit.

It is not always easy to reconcile certain of Mr. Russell's revelations about himself. Like many impresarios, Mr. Russell, it may be is too ardent and impatient to straighten out little matters of detail. His breezy book reflects that chief requisite of the managerial temperament which is buoyancy. It is conceivable that not even the outwardly impassive Mr. Gatti is without that quality. It must be present behind those grave, gray features.

Twenty-eight autograph letters of Charles Dickens, with contemporary sketches by John Leach and George Cruikshank, also playbills and portraits, are contained in eight extraordinarily interesting volumes recently added to the Dickens Museum in Doughty Street, London.

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

M. OCTAVE HOMBERG'S widely read articles on the debts question in the *Figaro* have just been republished in book form under the title "La Grande Injustice" (Grasset). This book will make even a greater stir than its predecessor from the same pen, "Le Financier dans la Cité" (Grasset), for M. Homberg not only is, along with M. Loucheur, the most successful financier modern France has produced, but he has had special opportunities to gather material for a book on this subject as, in 1915 and 1916, he was French purchasing agent in New York. Moreover, M. Homberg happens to have had a thorough and scholarly education. No other banker has taken the highest degree in philosophy at the Sorbonne, and few professional writers can express themselves so lucidly. M. Homberg views the debts question as follows: Debts previous to April, 1917, should be paid, but he thinks that most of the bills ought to be revised and considerably reduced. The debts after the entry of America into the war he, like most Frenchmen and many Americans, regards as non-commercial and consequently he thinks that a special agreement should be made about them.

Payot is publishing a book on "Les Origines de la Guerre" which ought to be particularly useful at this moment when efforts are being made to obscure the issue of the question. The book is written by M. Edmond Vermeil, of the University of Strasbourg, who bases it upon diplomatic documents published by the German Foreign Office, especially those issued between 1900 and 1908. The sub-title of the volume is "Et la Politique de l'Allemagne au Début du XXe Siécle."

A volume of extreme interest to students of French literature is an "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Prose Française" which Kra has recently published — a complementary volume to his already issued "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Française." The prose anthology contains hitherto unpublished pieces by Paul Valéry, André Gide, Valery Larbaud, Jean Giraudoux, Duhamel, Paul Morand, Jacob, Mac Orlan, Soupault, Proust, Delteil, Montherlant, Istrati, Ramuz, Jules Romains, and others. Each article will be preceded by a biographical notice, a bibliography, and—which is a novelty—the author's estimate of his own work. The book is published by subscription.

Professor G. Michaut of the Sorbonne writes the introduction to a new book of "Souvenirs du Mameluck Ali (Louis-Etienne Saint-Denis) sur l'Empereur Napoléon." It will be remembered that Saint-Denis was the faithful and loyal servitor of the Emperor day and night, and he was able to contribute really important facts upon the personality of Napoleon. The author's descendants have not been willing until now to publish these memoirs.

M. Louis Viardot has made a new translation of Don Quixote, "L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Don Quichotte de la Manche" (Kra), the first volume of which has just appeared, with a preface by Miguel de Unamuno. The work will be complete in four volumes, including about four hundred drawings in color by Gus Bofa. This work was first announced two years ago.

A new "definitive" edition of the complete works of Pascal is in course of publication by Albin Michel, by subscription, in three volumes. Professor Fortunat Strowski of the Sorbonne is the editor of this important edition, for which he has supplied a biography, introductions, notes, and tables. There is a preface by Pierre de Nolhac of the French Academy. The volumes are successively entitled: "Biographie et Oeuvres Scientifiques," "Les Provinçiales et les Opuscules sur la Grâce," and "Les Pensées et la Correspondance."

Considerable light is thrown, largely by inference, on the education of French boys in the schools of Paris by an admirable book written by Abbé Dibildos, entitled "Une Education Chrétienne en Pleine Vie" (Bloud et Gay). Written of course from the Catholic standpoint, the spirit of the author is so generous and courteous that he never fails in politeness to the professors with whom he differs in opinion. He himself has been for thirty years spiritual director of the large Catholic schools known as Ecole Bossuet, Ecole Gerson, and Ecole Fénélon. His book is not one of theories but of his own direct experiences with the boys, humanly and delightfully related. French critics have very justly given the book considerable attention.

A very popular subject at present among French *littérateurs* appears to be what Emerson called "the dear old devil." M. Maurice Garçon, who has already written well on demonology, sorcery, and kindred subjects, has published in colaboration with M. Jean Vinchon a serious work entitled "Le Diable" *Tout Court* (Nouvelle Revue Française), being critical, historical, and medical in nature and having nothing whatever in common with the psycho-religious treatment of Satan in M. Georges Bernanos's remarkable novel "Sous le Soleil de Satan" already described in this column. Bernanos presents the devil in thrilling contact with the soul of man; Garçon and Vinchon, on the contrary, treat the Prince of Darkness from a material and medical point of view, eliminating the supernatural.

M. Henri Béraud's "Le Bois du Templier Pendu," regarded at present as his masterpiece (Les Editions de France), is one of the best sellers, and besides has received the unanimous approval of the critics. The story begins in the year 1309 and follows, down to the Revolution, the history of the French people in a "succession of visions," written in the form of an epical novel. The story begins in the village of Sabolas, in the province of Dauphiné, where the Baron de la Mortut lives in a forest belonging to Franciscan monks. On the evening of Saint Blaise, just as the peasants are preparing to beat a monk from the neighboring monastery, a horseman appears all in white with the red cross of the Knights Templar on his shoulder. They turn on him and hang him as a heretic. All the rest of the story is haunted by his ghost—a sort of symbol of the intestinal struggles which eventually ruin the nobility. The Black Prince burns and pillages the country, the pest decimates it, religious wars overturn it, the centuries pass, but the peasant suffers and survives, attached desperately to his soil. Undoubtedly a remarkable book, written in sonorous, plastic, vivid French.

A novel written on an entirely different scale, but none the less interesting and well done, is M. Roland Dorgelès's "Partir. . . ." (Albin Michel), which is being generally read. Dorgelès is clever, an artist, and sincere. He has no affectations. His book conducts the reader on a voyage from Marseilles to the Orient in so realistic and vivid a fashion that he feels himself present on the big boat, he knows the passengers, whom the author has succeeded in making live. Few will forget the cynical, misanthropical ship's doctor, nor the young opera star and the mysterious tenor about whom the love story is woven which ends in tragedy, nor the money brokers of doubtful origin, the ultra modern young girl, and the rest. This is the successful recipe for combining a travel book with a romance.

Two novels have recently been published round the subject of the League of Nations, "La Belle Endormeuse" (Editions Jules Tallandier), by Jean de Granvilliers, and "Sur le Quai Wilson" (Emile-Paul), by Marcel Rouff. Both of these books are love stories laid among the scenes which pass at Geneva under the world's greatest spotlight. To begin with the first mentioned, the "Belle Endormeuse," is a young Englishwoman, Diana Allington, employed by the League, who endeavors to transform Jacques Barreau-Deflandre from a patriotic Frenchman into an "internationalist" or European. To what extent her beauty and charm achieve success must be left to the reader to find out. The burning interest of the book lies in the author's knowledge of the inner workings of the League, which he discloses not altogether in a respectful light. The scenes he describes, with a touch of comedy, of the making up of the communiqués to be given to the world, by the aid of young women secretaries, etc., are amusing. The author also indicates the Pangermanic spirit at Berlin and the French point of view with the army in Morocco. In "Sur le Quai Wilson" Marcel Rouff also exhibits the League in action, and some of his characters are the statesmen involved, whom he calls by their rightful names. M. Rouff also wrote "L'Homme et la Montagne," which had some success.

A new writer, Jean-Simon Michel, a Frenchman living in the Bled, in Algeria, has produced his first native novel, "La Tache Noire" (Avila), which will be a delight to those who want a highly-colored, swiftly moving novel of love and fighting and intrigue, with harem life and much other Algerian local color painted by one who knows his subject. The central heroine is a German beauty and siren, of the Amazon type, whom the hero meets while in Paris. She and her husband had bought immense lands in Algeria, and when left an enormously rich widow she became ambitious to reign as queen over this domain. To this end she hires agents, spies, political backers in Germany, and the Frenchman eventually becomes her prey in Algeria as he was in Paris, her prey who ends by killing her, however, when he is finally convinced of her treachery. It is impossible that this book should escape being filmed. The author writes well, and some bits of description are capital.

"It is not America alone that has its Book-of-the-Month Clubs. In France an organization known as The Sequana Selections has for some time been in successful operation along lines recently made familiar in this country. This enterprise offers its members the choice of two subscriptions, one covering five and the other three of the most outstanding works in France chosen each month by a committee from publications of the previous month, and delivered like a magazine. The books, fiction, history, biography, literary criticism are selected for and recommended to the French public by Henry Bordeaux, Joseph Bédier, Henri Robert, Paul Valéry, Pol Neveux, all of the Académie Française, Fortunat Strowski, of the Institut and Professor at the Sorbonne, Jacques Bainville, Léon Bérnard, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, Andrè Chaumeix, Pierre Lyautey, Henri Massis, and Andrè Maurois. An American branch of Sequana has been established which is not and does not purpose to become a bookshop, but which is a well equipped centre of bibliographical information and research, designed to simplify the securing of French books direct from French publishers."

The Anhalt Gospels, a magnificent manuscript of the tenth century, is to be sold at Sotheby's, in London, May 31. This is the finest early manuscript which has come into the market in many years, containing four full page miniatures of the Evangelists which are splendid specimens of early German miniature art, and there are other superb decorations. It is in the original wooden boards, and comes from the library of the Dukes of Anhalt-Dessau, in whose possession it has been since the sixteenth century.

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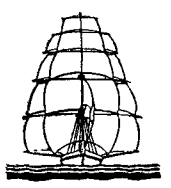

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

DIALOGUES. By DENIS DIDEROT. Edited and translated by FRANCIS BIRRELL. Brentanos. 1927. $4.

For the Broadway Library of Eighteenth Century French Literature, which already contains such worthy volumes as Richard Aldington's selection from "The Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great," and Bonamy Dobrée's translation of Crébillon's "Sofa," Francis Birrell has chosen five of Diderot's most entertaining passages, and published them in a new translation of his own. He has also provided an excellent introduction, which furnishes precisely the necessary background for what follows. With "Le Neveu de Rameau" and the Encyclopædia already available in pleasant new editions, the Great Catherine's friend should rest content.

Mr. Birrell observes with justice that in reading Diderot one always hears the conversationalist across the writer; consequently he has chosen the lightest and most charmingly conversational of his works for translation. Beginning with the "Dream of D'Alembert," and continuing through the "Supplement to the Voyages of Bougainville," he also includes the two essays, "Regrets for an Old Dressing Gown" and "On Women." If anyone still thinks of Diderot as the somewhat pompous author of an early encyclopædia, he has but to turn to Mr. Birrell's very successful rendering, and he will find the true spirit of the man. He was an amusing person, with a welcome grain of coarseness; his life and his writings were in the main equally amusing and equally salted with a frank wit. In this new guise he surely deserves appreciation.

THE OLD STAG. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Williamson may be remembered for his book of essays, "The Lone Swallows," which was published last year. He belongs to the quieter school of British naturalists, devoting his time to a study of the familiar creatures and scenes of the English countryside. His prose, both in this new collection of nature stories and essays, and in his earlier work, is distinguished by a certain old-fashioned repose and delicacy. "The Old Stag" is far from exciting, but even in its dullest moments the author's deep knowledge and love of his subject is apparent. Such qualifications as are provided by complete sincerity and an exquisite feeling for the details of what may be termed animal psychology, Mr. Williamson's book possesses. His skill in narrative is not yet great; the rambling essay form suits his talent better. But in any shape he will come as a rare and lasting pleasure to those who care for the earth, wild-life, or beauty in its less flamboyant moods.

Drama

AN OUTLINE OF CONTEMPORARY DRAMA. By THOMAS H. DICKINSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

This is an unpretentious but very useful book, useful as a guide to the appreciation of contemporary drama. It is more than that, however. It is also a valuable handbook for review of the whole field of world dramatic literature from the early nineteenth century down to the present moment. The comment is that of generally accepted criticism. Most of it is fairly available in other books, but the main outlines of dramatic history are compressed conveniently into this one small volume. It is designed to stimulate interest in the many collections of plays published by this and other firms. It will be a good text for college classes in modern drama. The bibliographies are complete and should be useful even to advanced students.

The book is in three sections. The first summarizes the main features of dramatic development in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century; the second summarizes the main features of the dramatic revival at the end of the century; the third deals with the outstanding features of drama from 1900 to the present moment.

The book contains nothing original or provocative. It is a typical academic text book adequately compiled. In its own sphere it should prove worth while.

Fiction

THE GOOSE-FEATHER BED. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Doran. 1927. $2.

The Abletts of this light romance are a family of provincial English circus folk, foremost of them being old Jim, the boss, and his gypsy-like granddaughter, Chidda, a girl of sixteen, who is being trained for the career of a star bareback rider. But Chidda, a theatrical agent having detected in her the spark of a magnetic personality, leaves the mountebank troupe for the more lucrative promise of the stage. Kit, the young ring performer who loves her, follows Chidda to London, where her brief, but full, footlight venture is terminated by betrothal to a young titled simpleton. The girl is not approved by his lordship's people, nor does she take strongly to them, so the obvious move for both sides is to break off the engagement. This takes place with considerable furore among all concerned, permitting Chidda to be reconciled to her grandpa, her sweetheart Kit, and to resume her old part in the life of the circus.

MIGRATIONS. By EVELYN SCOTT. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $2.50.

Mrs. Scott presents us with the phrase "An Arabesque in Histories" as subtitle for her new novel. The histories concerned are centered in life on a southern plantation in the decade before the Civil War. Family and racial jealousies provide the main-spring in an episodic plot. After telling with detail the story of two generations in the George family, of Mimms, Tennessee, the voyage of Thomas George and his wife Melinda to San Francisco is recounted. In this final escape from the decay of plantatation life Mrs. Scott succeeds in bringing together all that has preceded it; the troubled, far from clear picture is fixed and made vivid by this contrast. Perhaps it is this lack of plan that makes much of the early portion of "Migrations" so unsatisfactory in spite of a picturesque and authentic background. There are so many subsidiary figures and emotions that a part, at least, of the effectiveness of the main personages is lost. Edwin and Thomas, the curiously different brothers who are both in love with Melinda Roxana McGuire (otherwise "the Grace of Tennessee"), are not as abundantly alive, for instance, as their briefly sketched father, with his passion for casual affairs with his slave women. His death, and the widow's attitude thereto, is the most moving thing in the book.

In spite of this confusion and blurring of outlines, Mrs. Scott's book should surely rank high in the field of the costume novel. She never attains the color and actuality of her own "Escapade," but she has carried out in detail a workmanlike performance, and one in which there is singularly little that is crude, or tawdry. In a book that might have been both, this is a greater victory, undoubtedly, than the one which a swift and simplified narrative might have won for her with the populace.

ADAM IN MOONSHINE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

If a writer of less critical fame had signed "Adam in Moonshine" it is probable that it would have been better received by the reading public. Considered purely as a novel it is by no means an unattractive book; it is entertaining enough and well written; the plot is ingenious and the hero possesses sufficient humor to leaven the romantic element which is strong in the latter part of the story. It is, in short, an amiable performance. But from the author of "The English Comic Characters" this is not enough. His first novel must of necessity add importance to these qualities, and with all the good will in the world it is difficult to make "Adam in Moonshine" just that. By disposing of any preconceived notions of what a distinguished critic ought to put into a full length narrative, however, a very pleasant evening may be spent following Adam Stewart in his complicated adventures while on a summer holiday. Mr. Priestley writes, as always, with taste and care. Perhaps, indeed, a slightly more violent style might have pointed and made more moving the whole story. As it stands, as critic or as novelist, "Adam in Moonshine" affects its author's reputation and the world at large surprisingly little.

(*Continued on next page*)

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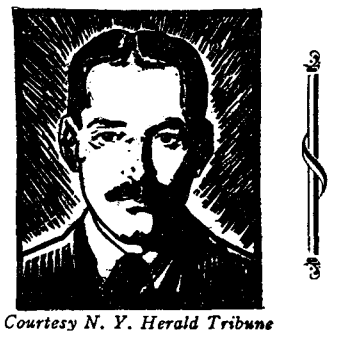

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LIONS IN THE WAY. By HUGHES MEARNS. Simon & Schuster. 1927. $2.

There is no good news here. In this, his fourth try at novel-writing, Mr. Mearns succeeds merely in being entirely dull and entirely implausible. Weighted down by the cosmic problem of a woman's unwillingness to have her hand kissed by a beneficent millionaire, the story ambles along loosely and interminably until it collapses in mid-course, having got nowhere. Against an elaborately unconvincing background of the theatrical world various half-baked characters struggle and moan against Life. What a shame that the good title is lost to some first-class novel!

IMMORTAL LONGINGS. By *Ben Ames Williams.* Dutton. $2.

EAST INDIA AND COMPANY. By *Paul Morand.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

MARCHING ON. By *James Boyd.. Scribners.* $2.50.

THE IMMORTAL MARRIAGE. By *Gertrude Atherton.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH. By *Jacob Wassermann.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

DEAR OLD TEMPLETON. By *Alice Brown.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Poetry.

SONNETS OF GREECE AND ITALY. By FREDERICK MATHEWS. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $5.

Bound beautifully and chastely in boards giving the appearance of vellum, and printed on Italian laid paper, this white and gold volume might well contain some exalted song. Actually it contains a series of formal antiquated sonnets with no freshness or distinction of phrase celebrating many aspects of Greece, Sicily, Rome, and Italy. There are many Greek names, many dryads, pans, satyrs, and centaurs in the first section. One of the most effective poems of this part is "The Dance of the Centaurs," yet it falls short of any great distinction. Throughout the book the elision of the article is a vexation to the eye and ear. Many of the sonnets are extremely wooden in construction. There is no genuine inspiration. The lyre is tuned to sing a spray of wild olive or the acropolis by moonlight with far more formality than fire. An analysis of the most solemn enunciations reveals no fundamental originality of thought.

AMETHYST WALL. By *Scott W. Shaull.* Dorrance.

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The Cross — *by Sigrid Undset*

This novel, complete in itself, brings to a quiet and beautiful close the story of Kristin Lavransdatter, begun in *The Bridal Wreath* and continued in *The Mistress of Husaby.* $3.00

Alfred A. Knopf Publisher, N. Y.

Science

CREATIVE KNOWLEDGE. By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $3.50.

MODERN ASTRONOMY: Its Rise and Progress. By HECTOR MACPHERSON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.

Sir William Bragg contributes a volume on "Creative Knowledge" to Harper's Modern Science Series of which the subtitle "Old Trades and New Science" indicates the scope. Delivered originally as Christmas lectures before the Royal Institution they have the simplicity which renders them understandable even to the children who attend these lectures. Faraday lectured gloriously at the Christmas lectures and Sir William is no unworthy successor both for his achievements in physical science and in the quality of his lectures. The subjects are the "The Trade of the Sailor" followed by lectures on the smith, the weaver, the dyer, the potter, and the miner all illustrated generously by plates and in the text. In each case we have the history of the application of science to the craft and the developments to modern times. The great achievements of our ancestors are justly appraised and the development of the craft as a continuous and continuing growth is pointed out.

"Modern Astronomy," by Dr. Hector Macpherson is a valuable contribution to the literature of popular astronomy. It is free from the perplexities of mathematical formulæ but it is not as "popular" in nature as a Sunday supplement article. It is crammed full of the modern theories of the moon, sun, stars and is especially valuable for its concluding chapters on cosmology (structure of the heavens) and cosmogony (origin of the heavens) which contain the recent work of Dr. Shapley of Harvard on spiral nebulæ, of Dr. Slipher of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff on giant planets, and of Professor Eddington on stellar theory. Professor Eddington's recent work on the "Internal Constitution of the Stars" has opened vast new vistas of heavenly vision. Dr. Macpherson's book (originally delivered as a course of lectures) is arranged in an orderly manner giving the history of the great advances in astronomical theory of moon, sun, and stars followed by the recapitulative sections on Cosmology and Cosmogony. "We may confidently conclude that we (i. e., the Solar System) are no more unique in origin than in location, and that the stellar dwarf which we call the Sun is not the only star which is attended by at least one inhabited world."

Travel

ENCOUNTERS. By IFOR EVANS. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $3.

Among other institutions peculiarly English there is such a thing as an "Albert Kahn Fellowship." One who wins it "undertakes to travel around the world for one year to study the countries of Europe, the East, and America. He is to observe the social habits of each country through which he passes. He is to study their philosophy, their religion, their art, and their politics. Above all, he is to study their national ambitions and to relate them to international aspirations. Not only present times but past times are his province. He has regard for the past traditions and history of all these people whom he visits."

In 1923 a lucky young Englishman set out on a year of travel, with these things in mind, and his volume of reminiscences is ample proof that the award was well made. To his title, "Encounters," Mr. Evans adds a subtitle, "With All Sorts of People Including Myself," and recounts his experiences with a wandering psychoanalyst, a Florentine cabman, and the League of Nations Assembly; with Gandhi, with a man in search of faith, with Japan, with Chicago, with a man who hated England, and with other strange characters and remote corners of the modern world. With consummate tact, or possibly with no tact at all, "Encounters" is dedicated "To my wife who is my perpetual encounter."

There is little that is startling or profound in this book. Yet the emphasis is refreshing and the guide-book enthusiast is given an entirely new conception of travel. Enough for Mr. Evans to agree that: *Toutes choses sont dites déjà, mais comme personne n'écoute, il faut toujours recommencer.*

MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT. By NINA LARREY DURYEA. Century. 1927. $3.

If Paris satiates and the Riviera stifles, if London is too foggy and California too brilliant with sun, there are always the Balearic Isles. Mrs. Duryea bows before the magnificence of Mallorca and calls it "a gift from the past to our weary and disillusioned world." Nor is she alone, for it was George Sand who proclaimed that the drive from Palma to Valldemosa excelled in beauty that of the Corniche.

Rising from the Mediterranean, Mallorca, the largest of the ancient and historic Balearic Isles, lies somewhere between Sardinia and Spain. Yet the exact location is immaterial, for excellent steamers run directly from Marseilles and Barcelona. Mallorca was one of the original islands of the Hesperides, and Ralph Adams Cram, who contributes an introduction to her book, agrees with Mrs. Duryea that its golden apples are still to be had for the plucking.

The volume begins with the story of the conquest by the Moors and ends with a dissertation on light housekeeping, the intervening chapters being given to history, random impression, and advice to the prospective traveller. An accomplished writer, Mrs. Duryea has organized and fused her material with judgment and good taste and the result is a travel book above the usual level. Her final plea: "Let none but understanding souls intrude" might be put on the fly-leaf of all the volumes that, in the language of the steamship agents, "stimulate travel."

CARAVANS AND CANNIBALS. By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY. Appleton. 1926. $5.

Not content merely with following Captain Traprock's admonition of some years back to "see the cute cannibals," Mrs. Bradley fraternized with one in the Belgian Congo to such good effect that her findings make some of the most interesting and valuable chapters of a thoroughly absorbing book. She and her party were more than once confronted with the fascinating choice of death by elephant or death by cannibal, but always escaped either by shooting the elephants (eight achieved and one thrust upon them) or by diverting the attention of the anthropophagi to safer topics. A wise mother as well as a skilled writer, Mrs. Bradley permits only occasionally some appealing glimpses of her eight-year-old daughter, a golden-haired Alice riding pluckily through a black Wonderland. An excellent raconteuse, she has many stories to tell as amusing as that concerning the young Englishman who tried to behave like the hero of "White Cargo," with humiliating results.

FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN. By ISABEL ANDERSON. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $3.

"A party of four with light luggage, two motors, and a guide, I believe to be the best way. . . . If you feel adventurous, fly back to France in twenty-four hours, or go by airplane to Oran in Algeria. . . ." It will readily be discerned that Mrs. (or shall we say Dr.?) Anderson does not address her book to the tourist third class! At any rate, it is well for the unfortunate majority of us who cannot go from Tunisia to Algeria in a six-wheeled Renault motor that we may enjoy vicariously "unbelievable and wonderful experiences" at Fez (*i.e.*, dinner with the Grand Vizier and General de Chambrun), and to hear more of those familiar topics the Riff, the Foreign Legion, and the Ouled Nails. As Dr. Anderson remarks, most of the regions she visited have been infested with writers, and we hope that the next time that she sets forth with typewriter and motor she will not only again travel more rapidly and cover more ground "than the average person does," but find something really new to write about.

SEEING THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS. By WILLIAM LEE CALNON. New York: Hitchcock. 1927. $3.

Just as a cat may look at a queen, a Detroit newspaper man may survey the islands of the South Seas. Mr. Calnon took a good look, and the home-town papers published his observations in a series of sketches dealing with Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti, Australia, and New Zealand.

Having been written as special articles, the chapters do not constitute a continuous narrative nor do they record the author's activities in diary form; grouped together between book covers, they convey random impressions of travel and adventure, of native custom and philosophy. The book is not recommended as a guide-book to the South Sea Islands, nor as an antidote for Frederick O'Brien, yet it will be found to contain notes of interest that frequently elude the more experienced chronicler.

Realism **Symbolism**

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By

MURRAY SHEEHAN

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Professor, Univ. of Pennsylvania

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

THE GOLDEN COMPLEX. By *Lee Wilson Dodd.* (Day).
MOTHER KNOWS BEST. By *Edna Ferber.* (Doubleday, Page).
TRISTRAM. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* (Macmillan).

L. R., Greenfield, Mass., asks for books with local color for a boy of twelve going this summer to Paris, through Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, to London and Southern England. A correspondent in Maryland asks for books in which children go abroad.

THERE are not so many travel books for children as one would think, considering the number of American children taken along on a trip to Europe. Plenty of geographical readers, plenty of school books and story books telling how children live in other parts of the world, but few like "The Book of London for Young People," by G. E. Mitton, one of A. and C. Black's color-plate incentives to travel, published here by Macmillan. There is a corresponding volume, "The Children's Book of Edinburgh," by Elizabeth Grierson (Macmillan). I like this recognizing the existence of a children's city within the city of London, where the child seems to me to be reckoned with and taken into account, even in domestic architecture, to an extent that makes an embattled New York parent wonder if, after all, we do live for the future in the New World as much as we think we do. The Mitton book I found on the shelf of the American Library in Paris; I wish she had made one for Paris too. But there is an excellent book called "Two Children in Old Paris," by Gertrude Slaughter (Macmillan), that answers the requirements of both these correspondents. Two little American girls spend a winter there, before the war—this is an actual record, they go to school, meeting French children and going about with their mother on leisurely journeys around the city. It would give ideas to a mother planning to take a family abroad, but content with a shorter range of action than that of the family in "Ports and Happy Places," by Cornelia Stratton Parker (Boni & Liveright). The success of this exhilarating book is due as much to the vitality of the travellers as to the longevity of the places that they see; I have not read "More Ports, More Happy Places," but it was evident at the close of the first volume that so joyous an enterprise could not stop there. Gertrude Slaughter's "Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child" (Macmillan), though some of it takes place in America, is good preparation for the Shakespeare country.

The "Peeps at Many Lands" books, published here by Macmillan, have beautiful colored pictures, but in most of them the text is dull; there is very little of it, though, and any number of pictures: the volume for France is lovely, and so is "England and Wales." The "Children of Other Lands" series published by Lothrop, with titles such as "When I Was a Boy in Norway," by J. O. Hall, and "When I Was a Girl in Holland," by Cornelia De Groot, give a young reader local color and information without too much talk. There is a series like this called "Little Schoolmates" (Dutton), in which Padraic Colum's "A Boy in Eirinn" is as good for younger readers as his "Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan), is for older ones: there is even a play for boys in it.

"A Traveler's Letters to Boys and Girls," by Caroline M. Hewins (Macmillan), was made out of actual letters sent home from trips through Italy and the British Isles; I have tried this on travelling children and they like it. The novels for juniors by Katherine Adams are pleasant and informing; "Mehitable" is an American girl in school in France, who visits friends in Ireland and England: "Wisp" is a girl of Dublin; in "Midsummer" a girl visits her grandfather in Sweden, and in "Red Caps and Lilies" a group of young people escape from the terrors of the French Revolution, which are described with a propriety that should put shame on the shade of Anatole France. All these books are published by Macmillan, and are widely read by girls in the early 'teens. The works of Johanna Spyri have no doubt long since disposed this young traveller to find life in Switzerland attractive, and for preparation for actual travel, there is a delightful book called "Yvette in Switzerland," by Neville Wilkinson, creator of the super-dolls'-house known as "Titania's Palace," lately shown in the Sesqui and elsewhere in this country, and author of "Yvette in Italy," and "Yvette in Venice." All these are published in luxurious fashion by the Oxford University Press, with colored pictures and photogravures of unusual distinction and large clear type. This series of travel-books for children, in which children are the travellers under the guidance of a painter, begins with "Yvette in Italy," which takes the party by way of Paris: the story is interwoven with accounts of how the famous miniature palace came to be made, and there are photographs of its most remarkable rooms. In May Emery Hall's "Dutch Days" (Dodd, Mead), a boy and girl travel through Holland with their parents; I take it for granted that this inquirer has already read "Hans Brinker."

Two of the latest and most practical little special guides to Paris could by no means be interpreted as belonging on this list, for they are adapted to a rate of speed in travel that I cannot recommend to anyone in charge of children. Chancellor's "How to Be Happy in Paris Without Being Ruined" (Holt), is by an Englishman who knows his way about and shares with English-speaking readers his information about hotels, shops, renting of apartments, ordering of meals, theatres, and other diversions, and in general explains the occupations of a tourist's city. The other little book is "France on Ten Words a Day" (Simon & Schuster), by H. M. Lee, illustrated by the ingenious Arno. This is not the only funny phrase-book I ever read, but it is the only one that knew it was funny. The humor, however, is the by-product of genuine instruction; by suppressing all verbs in favor of gestures, above all, by concentrating on the phrases that he knows the typical tourist will need and need in a hurry, he has produced a manual by which one does not learn French at all, but by whose aid it is possible to wring from the larynx sounds that will produce food, service, and a reasonable amount of amusement, if uttered in the City of Light. But I repeat, neither of these books is for a twelve-year-old. Tell him to put plenty of steam into his French lessons, and to take in as much history as he can absorb.

THIS seems to be guest day in the *Guide*. Professor Charles H. Tutt, Department of Romance Languages, Columbia, rallies to the aid of the dictionary-seekers:—

Once more I seem to be called on to give some information about dictionaries. While I am not a German scholar, it happens that recently I had to do some investigation in German and procured me a dictionary which to my mind beats them all. It is in two volumes and is rather expensive, costing about five dollars per volume. The dictionary is Muret-Sanders Enzyklopädisches Englisch-Deutsches and Deutsch-Englisches Wörterbuch, published in Berlin at the Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung. A sample will illustrate its excellence better than any description I might make.

Krieg [mhd (ahd)] m. (*ant.* Friede) war(fare), (Fehde) feud; (Streit) quarrel; s. Bürgerkrieg; Krieg auf Leben und Tod, Krieg bis aufs Messer war to the knife; einem od. an einen (den) Krieg erklären to declare war against a p.; Krieg führen gegen einen o d. mit einem to wage (or to carry on) war against (or with) a p., to make war upon a p.; im Kriege sein mit to be at war with; ein Dand mit Kriege überziehen to invade or overrun) a country; den Krieg wieder anfangen to resume hostilities; in den Krieg zienen to go to war, to take the field.

Besides, immediately following this information for Krieg are found entries for the following words related to Krieg, entries of roughly the same nature and about the same length:—

kriegen — sich kriegen
Krieger — Kriegerin
Kriegerbund
kriegerisch

followed by all the words with the common stem Krieger, with the common stem krieg, and a bit over two columns of words with the common stem kriegs. That's the kind of dictionary this one is.

And now that I'm on the subject of foreign books may I offer this as something which might be valuable to all those people who periodically buy books in French or in Italian? There are two places which have proved extremely satisfactory to me in this regard. From either of these places books may be bought at the price in francs and lire respectively and the purchaser will have to pay that and the cost of mailing only. The place in France is "Ecole Vivante." Bibliographical Office 17, Rue du Bouloi, Paris (1). The place in Italy is Ufficio Bibliographico, Via A. Depretis, 65, Roma (122). Either of these places may be written in English. Beside providing current books they are extremely helpful in finding books that are out of print, in making bindings, which come cheaper in Italy than in France. I get half leather in Italy for about 60 or 70 cents for the ordinary size volume. In short, if you want anything in the way of books or bibliographical information about either France or Italy, the best way of getting it, from my personal experiences, is to communicate with these two offices.

Donn Byrne, whose new novel, "Brother Saul," recently appeared, was born in New York, but was taken to Ireland at the age of three months and spent his childhood in the glens of Antrim. He is a good Gaelic scholar, and speaks the Irish language fluently.

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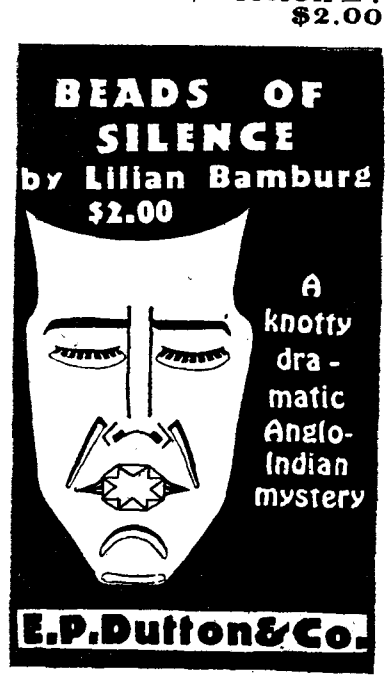

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Points of View

A Turgeniev Novel

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Professor William Lyon Phelps, reviewing my book, "Turgeniev," in your issue of May 7th, speaks of having read somewhere that Turgeniev deposited with Pauline Viardot the manuscript of a novel, with instructions that it was to be published ten years after her death. The lady died in 1910. "So sure was I of what I had read," writes Professor Phelps, "that in 1920 I fully expected to see a new and full-length novel by Turgeniev—what a thing to happen, and I had awaited it with eager expectation. Where is it?"

I regret to have to disappoint the reviewer, as well as those of your readers whose curiosity was stirred by his remarks. Unless I am very much mistaken, no such novel exists. Professor André Mazon, of the Collège de France, has been engaged since 1914 in studying those of Turgeniev's literary remains which are contained in the papers of the Viardot family, to which he alone has had access. He has in preparation a catalogue of this material and has already published some of the items he has discovered. In a letter which I received from him last summer he wrote that he had found, among other notes, a hitherto unknown plan for an unwritten novel, dated the end of the seventies, but nothing by way of text.

Isaac Pavlovsky, in his "Souvenirs sur Tourgueneff," Paris, 1887, asserts that in his last years Turgenev actually wrote a novel dealing with the contrast between the Russian nihilists and the French socialists. "As an eye-witness," writes Pavlovsky, "I can state that the manuscript of this work will be found among Turgeniev's papers and that some day or other it will be published." In the forty years that have elapsed since this was written, the manuscript has not come to light. All the evidence tends to show that Pavlovsky was as inaccurate here as he has been proven to be on other points. The probability is that Turgenev, as I indicate in my book, did not go beyond dictating the names of the characters of this projected novel to Mme. Viardot shortly before his death. Is it possible that Professor Phelps, having seen the above-quoted passage in Pavlovsky, had his hopes roused,—alas! in vain? As far as I remember, I did not come upon any other reference to the existence of an unpublished novel by the author of "Fathers and Children," either in the Russian or West European sources.

AVRAHAM YARMOLINSKY.
Sunnyside, L. I.

Cinderella Instead

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It would be easy to agree with most of the smoothly stated taunts at our present poetry in "Spoiled Child of the Arts," May 7, if one were not a hopeful handmaid of the muse. There are few intelligent groups in which, read aloud by a sympathetic reader, the article would not call forth both assent and applause. But under the examination of a devoted student of contemporary verse its justice may perhaps seem partial.

Two important facts about poetry writing in America today have been overlooked by the critic. In the first place—and it could be the subject for a delightful study in your *Review*—the coterie situation combined with the small poetry magazine crop makes a condition of *common poetry* written by thousands of people who have a "stake in society"—a condition which is unparalleled in literary history. This is not the common authorship poetry of ballad days, but a new and entirely unprecedented universal garden growth of verse that will bear some important and as yet unprophesied relation to a future poetic yield. How can students of literary history fail to be interested in the poetic phenomena which will follow our Common Period of American Poetry?

Ardent belief in the possibility of great poetic expression in our country is always blocked by knowledge of the economic handicap placed on poetry by the editors and publishers which makes it almost impossible for an artist to give his best to poetry. Why are there so many poetry magazines? Because the "literary magazines" reserve no space and pay no money for poetry as compared with prose. Such limitations as your own, for instance,—is it one poem a week and that not over twenty lines?—encourage the fragmentary brilliant work of which the critic complains, rather than high sustained flight. Few magazines genuinely encourage long poetic contributions. The editors alone are responsible for the use of verse as fillers and for encouraging the writing of that sort of poems. Mechanically clever stories having far less permanent value than some of the verse in the poetry magazines are bought for prices which the best poets cannot command. Few of our writers can afford to be even chiefly poets.

When America is ready to pay for great poetry as she does for great architecture and great fiction, then there will be great poetry. Our novelists are not self-sacrificing missionaries giving their lives to a cause; why should poets be? The arts do not flourish unsupported. If Americans want great poetry they will pay for it. As soon as they provide even a pygmy coach for this Cinderella of the Arts, she will shine at the King's Court.

ALICE BIDWELL WESENBERG.
Butler University, Indianapolis.

A Stepchild

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

While I realize how, as a harried editor, you must have had provocations that to you seem to justify your leading article in *The Saturday Review* of May 7, I take pleasure in assuring you that you have put the saddle on the wrong horse. Though sundry changelings have been excessively coddled, Poetry never has been, and I do not think ever will be, the "spoiled child of the arts." Your editorial, evidently the result of unfortunate experiences, places the onus where it doesn't belong. Let me tell you the truth as I know it:

Of all the arts, poetry is the easiest to play with; in consequence there is today an extensive group, corresponding to a certain earlier "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and it is these who are uppermost in your mind for the simple reason that they have received and are receiving undue attention. It is not the poet honestly devoted to his art, it is these dilettanti who regard poetry as an esthetic exercise, who are enamored of the bizarre, the esoteric and the cryptic, who write for each other and for highly specialized periodicals. A few of them graduate and develop into real artists. A sadly large number of them emit one or two thin volumes of verse printed at their own expense by houses that make a business of that branch of publishing. Are they permitted to puff each other in literary columns? Is poetry or near-poetry improperly or inadequately reviewed? Well, then, I appeal to you on your honor as an editor, whose fault is it?

But the dilettante fringe does not represent American poetry. I can not say that I clearly discern any epoch-making poet on our horizon, but I know that there are a sufficiently large number of creditable American poets, good craftsmen and earnest artists, doing interesting work in their own best way and letting their reputations take care of themselves. They are writing for no special group or class, but for their country and the world. They ask no favors, and most of them receive none. They are aware that they are doing what they chose to do, and they claim no privileges or immunities. But they sometimes get slightly tired of being talked down to, condescended to, and patronized, for quite a few of them are decently educated and of adult intelligence. Far from asking more consideration than that accorded the writer of "the artistic novel," they wistfully yearn for the day when they shall receive nearly as much. Until they do, poetry will remain as it is, not "the spoiled child," but the stepchild of the arts.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.
New York.

In Verification

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In a review of my book, "Frontier Dust," in your publication of Saturday, April ninth, the writer says: "It would have more historical value if it met certain tests of accuracy." Let me call your attention to mistakes in his statements.

He says there was no Lincoln-Douglas debate in Bement, Ill. I said that they "held a joint discussion in the town of Bement when they ran for President," which they did in the late summer or early fall of 1860. I set that date when I said I was thirteen years old, having told when I was born, 1846, earlier in the story. When the history books speak of "Lincoln-Douglas debates" they mean those held before the election for senator, in 1858. I said "joint discussion," and perhaps the word "joint" misled your writer. It is well known that the two candidates spoke at over a hundred meetings in the campaign for President, and one of these meetings was at Bement, where they spoke together.

I did not say that the Roosevelt ranch was in Montana. I said: "I had to go through Teddy's *range* to get to my ranch." Part of his range was in Montana. The Elkhorn ranch house was in Dakota, of course, but Roosevelt's range extended far into the next state. The winter and early spring storms drifted the cattle of the western ranges as far as one hundred and fifty miles, and the cattlemen often established summer camps or ranches a long way from headquarters in order to begin work in the spring where the bulk of the cattle were, and put in the summer gathering and working them back to the home range.

Your writer says even familiar place names are misspelled. That sounds as if many names were misspelled. I wrote Abolene for Abilene. It is strange it got by the editor, but it did. I don't suppose I am the only eighty-year-old person who ever forgot exactly how some familiar name was spelled, and I don't suppose the editor is the only person who ever overlooked a small matter.

JOHN LORD.
Salisbury, N. C.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF WATSON AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPH letters and documents, including the collection of the late Elkanah Watson, author of "Men and Times of the Revolution," with additions, were sold at the Anderson Galleries, May 4, 237 lots bringing $10,426. These collections included many fine letters, mainly literary and historical, and good prices were realized.

A few of the rarer lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Adams (John). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to, Quincy, July 15, 1812. To Elkanah Watson, about George Washington. $585.

Adams (John Quincy). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to, Washington, March 16, 1827. In regard to letters written by his father. $75.

Franklin (Benjamin). Original passport printed and issued by Benjamin Franklin at Passy to Elkanah Watson, September 7, 1782, to carry confidential dispatches to England relating to the Independence of the United States. One of five known copies of personal passports printed by Franklin at Passy, and one of the two known copies of this issue. $1,775.

Fulton (Robert). A. L. S., 3 pp., 4to. New York, August 14, 1813. Letter seeking funds to carry on his experiments with torpedoes. $75.

Gerry (Elbridge). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to. Cambridge, February 4, 1811. To Elkanah Watson. Promising to promote in every way he could the raising of merino sheep. $150.

Irving (Washington). A. L. S., 3 pp., 4to. Greenburgh, July 8, 1837. To Elkanah Watson relating to the publication of a collected edition of his writings. $42.50.

Jefferson (Thomas). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to, mounted. Monticello, May 8, 1817. Declining to take any part in the National Association for the advancement of agriculture owing to advancing age. $115.

Livingston (Robert R.). L.S., 3 pp., 4to, mounted. Paris, June 25, 1803. Containing an account of his negotiations with Napoleon for the purchase of Louisiana. $185.

Alexander (William, Lord Stirling). A. L. S., 1 p., folio. Aquakanoc, October 12, 1778. To Col. Dayton. Fine war letter. $60.

Dickens (Charles). A. L. S., 2 pp., 8vo. July 7, 1862. $17.50.

Fitzgerald (Edward). A. L. S., 4 pp., 8vo. May 5, 1874. To Thomas Constable. Relating to the Scott-Constable crisis. $25.

Franklin (Benjamin). D.S., 1 p., small 4to. August 12, 1776. To the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania. $375.

Gluck (Christopher W. von). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to. January 31, 1777. Interesting unpublished letter of the great composer. $275.

Lee (Robert E.). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to. Lexington, Va., March 6, 1866. To Hon. Reuben Johnston. $57.50.

Lincoln (Abraham). A. D. S., 1 p., 4to. March 10, 1835. Survey while acting as deputy surveyor for John Calhoun. $390.

Lincoln. Portion of an autograph manuscript, 6 lines, oblong 8vo. Washington, December 6, 1864. Portion of the last annual message to Congress. $530.

Liszt (Franz). Autograph manuscript music, 15 pp., large oblong folio. Arrangement for two pianos of his symphonic poem "Hungaria." $155.

Marshall (John). A. L. S., 3 pp., small 4to. Richmond, September 25, 1823. To C. P. Wayne, his publisher. In reference to a second edition of his "Life of Washington." $120.

Monroe (James). A. L. S., 2 pp., small 4to. Richmond, April 4, 1788. To his agent at home. $50.

Morris (Robert). A. L. S., 1 p., 4to. February 5, 1798. To John Nicholson. Announcing the climax to his financial troubles. $120.

Washington (George). Original autograph manuscript of a surveying exercise, written when 12 years of age. 2 pp., 24mo, Pope's Creek, 1744. $140.

SALE AT SOTHEBY'S

SOME of the most important book sales in London are held each year after the season has come to an end in this country. Many American dealers are then abroad and give special attention to them. A very important sale will be held at Sotheby's on May 30 and 31 and June 1 and 2. It comprises selections from a long list of consignors and includes books, maps, atlases, autograph letters, and manuscripts, many of which are in fine condition and of extreme rarity. There are 1,093 lots, among them books on alchemy and occult sciences, incunabula, books with early woodcuts, rare Stevonsonia, Americana, and rare first editions including Gray's "Elegy," 1751. The autographic material comprises letters of Fanny Burney, Horace Walpole, a fine series of naval documents signed by Samuel Pepys, and an autograph manuscript of Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Leicester. The early maps include a fine set of Van Keulen's maps of Southern Asia, Australia, and South Africa; atlases published by Abraham Ortelius and J. Bleau; the map of the Atlantic Ocean made for Bigge's summary of Sir Francis Drake's Voyage, 1589, and others quite as rare.

NEW VATICAN CARD INDEX

THE Vatican archives covering many centuries are at last to have a complete analytical inventory with a cross index system on the lines used by the Library of Congress. Mgr. Angelo Mercati, prefect of Apostolic archives, has the work in hand, and a part of the index will soon be available for students, and it is predicted that the research work that will follow will result in the rewriting of much medieval history. So vast is the Vatican collection that for the time being work is confined to four sections: Vatican registers, registers of Lateran archives of the period when Popes occupied the Lateran instead of Vatican palace, records of the Papal court and a record of consistories. Of these the first three virtually have been shut to historians because of the archaic system of indexing. The Vatican register, in 2,040 gigantic volumes, contains records of the Papal reigns of John VII in the ninth century and Gregory VII in the eleventh century and uninterruptedly thereafter from 1198 to 1572. The Lateran register, in 2,460 volumes, contains among other things all Papal bulls from 1389 to 1897, court records in 1,111 volumes dating from 1276 until 1700, consistorial records from the fifteenth century to the Napoleonic period, which are expected to throw new light on the lives and activities of many cardinals who had a hand in making European history. At the same time that the Vatican index is in preparation, Cardinal Gerampi is making a complete directory of the Christian world entitled "Orbis Christianus," wherein will be recorded all dioceses, monasteries, churches, hospitals, and ecclesiastical and lay personages. The undertaking requires great patience, industry, knowledge of European languages, and bibliographical knowledge. The work is progressing rapidly and will be pushed to completion.

FIRST BOOK OF RANDOM HOUSE

THE first volume from Random House, Inc., 20 East Fifty-seventh Street, is promised next fall. It will be an edition of Voltaire's "Candide," made by the Pynson Printers, with illustrations by Rockwell Kent. Charles E. Merrill, Jr., has prepared a new and complete translation and written a bibliographical note. The book will be set by hand in a new Roman type face designed by Lucian Bernhard, and will be printed on a French handmade paper. Each page will be illustrated with a drawing by Mr. Kent, printed in a different color from the type. The edition will be limited to 1,300 copies, 900 for America and 400 for England. Seventy copies will have the illustrations hand-colored by the artist and will have his autograph. All details will be given the most careful attention in order that the edition may be one of distinction.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AN exhibition in memory of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot of Revolutionary War fame, comprising autograph letters about him by prominent American leaders of the American Revolution, also oil paintings, medals, engravings, books, broadsides, and other relics, a collection formed by Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Kahanowicz, will be held at the Anderson Galleries from May 15 to June 11, a part of the net proceeds of which will be donated to the Kosciuszko Foundation, Inc., of New York.

* *

A remarkable collection of Goethe's water-colors and black-and-white drawings, about 100 in number, mainly German and Bohemian landscapes, has just come into the possession of the Goethe Museum at Weimer. This collection was given by the poet to Princess Caroline of Saxe-Weimer, who in turn willed them to her intimate friend, Christiane von Reitzenstein. The collection was well known and Professor Hans Wahl, of the Goethe Museum, made an extensive search covering many years, hoping to find them. A short time ago the Rietzenstein family submitted the drawings to the museum in order to get an opinion as to their genuineness. They had been found in an old trunk containing family relics. Dr. Wahl at once recognized the prize for which he had been long in search and lost no time in purchasing it.

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O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

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THE fellow with the tandem bicycle was always sure to be popular—but he paid dearly for his popularity in the long run.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE hear from Chicago that the publication of the first two volumes of *Albert J. Beveridge's* "Life of Lincoln," originally planned for the fall of 1928, will probably be advanced somewhat in response to the desire of Mrs. Beveridge. They will be published by Houghton Mifflin. Beveridge completed the first two volumes after five years' work. . . .

We have enjoyed the pictures of the Whoops sisters in the *New Yorker*, but when it comes to the book, "Whoops Dearie!" we haven't been able to get into it very far. The pictures told their story, any number of stories, and, to our way of thinking, didn't require any elaborated text. We learn from *Edwin Valentine Mitchell's Book Notes* that *Peter Arno's* real name is *Curtis Arno Peters* and that he graduated from Yale in the Class of 1922. He also plays the piano and composes music. . . .

From the Stratford Company in Boston comes "Cleopatra's Private Diary," by *Henry Thomas*. We found it dull. It seems to us an evident attempt to cash in on the success of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." But wit is required to do that, and Thomas's cultivation and wit are not Erskine's. And we hate this flocking in the wake of a success. . . .

In "Saints in Sussex" (Dutton), *Sheila Kaye-Smith* has bound up some poems and plays. The poems are few. There are a nativity play and a passion play laid in Miss Kaye-Smith's part of rural England. Poems and plays are devout and simple, rooting New Testament episode in English soil, but there seems to us no superlative power in the work. . . .

Cyril Hume is a young man we are always interested to read. "Street of the Malcontents" is his latest book, a collection of his short stories. We have read four of the stories so far, and found the opening one "Elizaveth" the best. But why not leave out the two paragraphs on page 30 at the end altogether? They furnish a happy ending to an otherwise relentless tale, but surely to let it end at the bottom of page 29 would have been infinitely more artistic. And "Cowards of Conscience" is strangely sophomoric for Hume at this stage of his development. The title story isn't bad, the story of "The Head" has points. But none of the stories we have read are as good as they should be, judged by flashes. And judged by such a novel as Hume's "Cruel Fellowship" these stories are simply nowhere. Now probably we have read all the worst ones and not yet touched the really good ones,—there are fourteen stories in all,—so we shall shut up until we have read the book through. . . .

We are glad to hear that *H. Phelps Putnam's* poems are to be brought out by Doran. We have heard of Putnam from the time he was in college, and have seen some of his stuff in manuscript and a very occasional poem in a magazine. What might be called his underground reputation has been steadily building, though the public knows practically nothing of his work. He calls his volume of poems, "Trinc,"—and *John Farrar* either doesn't know or wouldn't divulge to us what in thunder that means. . . .

"Readings" (Knopf) is a delectable looking compilation, selected by *Walter de la Mare* and *Thomas Quayle*. The woodcuts are by *C. T. Nightingale*. De la Mare has got these birds to collaborate with him. The book is the size of "Come Hither" with a similar decorative title on the cover, though the color of said cover looks to us like old rose or puce or cherry or something like that—we aren't much good at naming colors. These are prose selections ranging through all English literature. They are for children young and old. We wouldn't mind curling up by the fire with the book any inclement winter evening. . . .

The recently published "Riddles in Rhyme," by *LeBaron Russell Briggs* (Charades New and Old), will be bought by all loyal Harvard men,—but outside of that the average reader will find much entertainment in them. They are published at Cambridge by Washburn and Thomas and retail for a dollar seventy-five. . . .

At the Anderson Galleries there is an exhibition open until June eleventh (weekdays 9-5, Sundays 2-6 P. M.), a memorial exhibition of the patriotism, vision, and zeal of *Thaddeus Kosciuszko*, the revered Polish and American hero, as revealed in a collection of autograph letters by him as well as autograph letters about him by prominent leaders of the American Revolution and others,—also oil paintings, medals, engravings, books, broadsides, and other relics. This is the collection formed by *Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Kahanowicz* of Brooklyn. The admission is fifty cents and one-third of the net proceeds will be donated to the Kosciuszko Foundation, Inc., New York. . . .

The first issue in a special edition of two delightful *Dickens* papers, "The Christmas Tree" and "Christmas as We Grow Older," will be a special de luxe edition of two hundred numbered copies, to be sold by private subscription, the design and typography being under the personal supervision of *William A. Kittredge* of the Lakeside Press, Chicago, the publishers being Remington & Hooper, 1502 Knickerbocker Building, this city. This will be the first publication of "The Holly Editions" featured by Remington & Hooper. It will be brought out on October fifteenth of this year, at three dollars and a half. . . .

The centenary of *William Blake* occurs on August 12th. Among the new volumes of Everyman's Library is the most comprehensive collection of his "Poems and Prophecies," edited by *Max Plowman*, with a key to the series of poems in which Blake developed his epic of the soul: "Songs of Innocence," "The Book of Thel," "Songs of Experience," and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." . . .

Canada—or rather The Graphic Publishers Limited of Ottawa—speaks of the fact that, though Canada is now a nation and has its own minister at Washington, though it possesses a wonderful national museum and national gallery of art, it has no national library. China and Czecho-Slovakia produce twice as many books each year as Canada. In order to show, however, that all the *Arthur Stringers*, *Gilbert Parkers*, *Frank Packards*, *Harvey O'Higginses*, *Martha Ostensos*, and *Robert W. Services* have not emigrated from their country, The Graphic Publishers are determined to make their Thunder Bird emblem stand for Canadian Books of Consequence. "We have the backing and support of the Canadian Authors' Association, we have the support of the Canadian Press," they say, "and we are gradually receiving the support of the Canadian people. And it is these last who are the hardest! As a people we are suffering from a terrible inferiority complex. Nothing can be good unless it is praised in the papers of New York and London!" . . .

All literary people know of the *Keats-Shelley* Memorial at the foot of the Spanish Stairs on the Piazza di Spagna in Rome. The Library was established in 1904 in the house in which Keats died. The whole house had to be bought to save the apartment where he died, and since then the other floors have been rented. Today it is necessary to have more space for the memorial and the Board of Directors have decided not to renew an expiring lease but to occupy the top floor for its own uses. For this purpose $4,000 is necessary and the American Committee has undertaken to raise at least half of this amount. Checks may be sent to the order of *Harrison S. Morris*, Pear Hill, Oak Lane P. O., Philadelphia, Pa. . . .

The Biblio Company, Inc., of Pompton Lakes, N. J., advertise old volumes of *Genealogy Magazine* and also that they have published "the most important genealogical reference work ever produced in this country," which is "American Marriage Records before 1699," edited and compiled by *William Montgomery Clemens*, editor of *Genealogy Magazine*. This is the first census of the American people. The first Government census was not published until 1790. . . .

Well, we see that *Lloyd C. Griscom*, former United States Ambassador to Italy and to Japan and a liaison officer to General Pershing during the War, is co-author of a play "Tenth Avenue," which lately opened in Detroit. *Jack McGowan*, a former musical comedy actor is Colonel Griscom's collaborator. . . .

An English scientist lately had a series of dreams of actual events that occurred *on the following day*. He feared insanity for himself. Finally, since he found he could sometimes perceive large blocks of otherwise normal personal experience displaced from their proper position in time, he set to work to examine the structure of Time. In a book by *J. W. Dunne* (Macmillan), entitled "An Experiment with Time," is an account of his investigations and conclusions. . . .

And now we must make our own experiment with Time and see how much of it we can waste this evening!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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If you were in Paris this week, how would you talk about the weather? MCCARTY-LEE'S *France on Ten Words a Day* would solve all conversational impasses. After writing a charming explanation of talking about weather, he continues:

> If you learn to pronounce *temps* correctly, "*Quel temps!*" is sufficient for all weather observations. It is very French, the exact sort of weather being indicated, respectively, by an approving look around, a sigh, a mopping of the brow, a slight shiver, or holding the palm out and upward to test the sky. Do not bother to learn the words for these gestures; they are given above only for recognition in case you hear them. Just say "*Quel temps!*"—no one can deny that!

Were publishers wealthy enough to take double-page ads in *The Saturday Evening Post*, we might well be tempted to plagiarize the *Listerine Tooth Paste* point of view, and label *France on Ten Words a Day* "A book for lazy people."

Now about PETER ARNO, who illustrated *France on Ten Words a Day:*

ARNO is on the stalls (as they say in England) today with his Magnum Opus, *Whoops Dearie!*, or the *Life and Times of the Two Whoops Sisters*. Those who have seen advance copies have expressed delighted glee. Especially because all the pictures that accompany the novel are brand new.

Three hurried advance-publication printings have been necessary on this book. A part of the second printing was used up last night, when 850 copies were distributed at the *National Booksellers Banquet* at the *Commodore*.

A large number of requests came in this week for our brochure on ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, as a result of our announcement in last Friday's *Inner Sanctum*, and the current interest in *Rhapsody*, his latest novel. Some copies of the brochure are still available. Price, four cents in stamps.

The *Inner Sanctum* was gratified this week to learn that it had four places on a list of twelve best sellers prepared by a prominent chain of retail stores . . . one place on fiction, and three on non-fiction. They are:

Fiction: *The Three Taps*
by RONALD A. KNOX

Non-Fiction: *The Story of Philosophy*, *Lenz on Bridge* and *France on Ten Words A Day*.

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